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Mr. Wheelwright,
July 30, 1857.

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to

acknowledge the receipt of your





SV
SACRED POETRY.

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“I'll tune my harp, I'll strike its wires,
“My Savior's praise to waken;
“His love refines my warmest fires,
“And keeps my heart unshaken.
“And thus melodious chords arise,
“And tone my feelings for the skies.”

FIRST AMERICAN,
FROM THE THIRTEENTH ENGLISH EDITION.

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.....

1836.

D. Fanshaw, Printer.



PREFACE.

EXPERIENCE has amply refuted Dr. Johnson's observation, that Devotional Poetry is always unsatisfactory ; an assertion which that illustrious writer would not have hazarded, had he studied more closely the sublime poetry of Scripture. The high-toned piety of a Cowper and a Montgomery has given to their verses a charm and an elevation which is generally felt and acknowledged ; and so decidedly has the public taste declared itself in favour of employing poetry as the handmaid of religion, that the most eminent poets of the present day have all, in a greater or less degree, applied their powers to this department of their art.

There are, indeed, many, whose hopes are bounded by this present world, who endeavour to lull the voice of conscience, and are not disposed to lay to heart the great and momentous concerns of eternity. Such persons may, no doubt, dislike Sacred Poetry, especially when it embodies Scriptural sen-

timent. The natural opposition of the human mind to the truth as it is in Jesus, will excite their disgust against evangelical topics, in whatever dress they are presented ; but we are not, on this account, to deprive others of the pleasure and benefit which the contemplation of the divine character is fitted to bestow ; or to neglect a mode of raising the mind to God, which is sanctioned by the example of inspiration, while its advantages have been experienced by believers in every age.

But, amidst all the natural alienation of the human mind from God, there is, in every breast, a monitor which testifies against ungodliness and irreligion. Its voice may be drowned amidst the din of dissipation or the bustle of worldly pursuits, but sometimes it must be heard : and as the harp of the son of Jesse calmed the troubled mind of Saul, so the voice of truth, clothed in a garb peculiarly congenial to the feelings of the human heart, is eminently calculated to break the spell by which the deluded children of Adam are bound, and to lead them to that inexhaustible fountain which the rich mercy of God has opened for fallen man.

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Yes! we must all be changed by death . . .	264
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SACRED POETRY

1. THE LAMB OF GOD WORSHIPPED BY ALL THE CREATION.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“ To be exalted thus ;”
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“ For he was slain for us.”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

- 5 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that s'ts upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

2. THE CHRISTIAN FRIEND'S FAREWELL.

ADIEU, beloved friend adieu,
 On earth we only meet to part ;
 Yet to the Christian's brighter view
 Still we are one, still near in heart.
 That "three-fold cord" of Christian love,
 Which from the heights of heaven descends,
 When parted here is join'd above,
 And holds to Christ and Christian friends.
 And when we part, the throne of grace
 Shall be our centre and retreat ;
 Though distant far, at that bright place,
 We still may hold communion sweet.
 Prayer shall a vast triangle form,
 On whose wide base we still can meet ;
 And whose bright top surmounts each storm,
 And joins 'us at our Saviour's feet.

And should the stream of death divide
Our souls a moment on its shore ;
They part to meet, they join to abide
Where pain and parting are no more.

ANON.

3. CONFESSION.

- 1 O Lord my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn !
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die !
- 2 O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow ;
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.
- 3 For pleasure I have given my soul ;
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll ;
Now vengeance smile—and with a blow
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.
- 4 Yet Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling,
I'll crouch beneath his sheltering wing ;
I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
Even me, oh bliss ! his love may spare.

H. K. WHITE.

4.

ASCENSION.



- 1 THE Saviour to glory is gone,
His sufferings and sorrows are past,
His work is completed and done;
And shall to eternity last.
- 2 For ever he lives to bestow
The blessings he purchased so dear,
Our bosoms with gratitude glow,
Whilst to him by faith we draw near.
- 3 Expecting from him to receive
All fulness of glory and grace,
Rejoicing in hope we believe,
His promises thankful embrace.
- 4 Our King shall protect us from harm,
Our advocate make our plea good,
Our shepherd will bear in his arms
The sheep which he bought with his blood.
- 5 Our Prophet will point out the way
Which leads to the mansions above;
Our Priest all our ransom shall pay,
Our Friend of unchangeable love.
- 6 But whilst to the Lamb on his throne
Our hearts and our voices we raise,
His glory exalted we own
Above all our blessings and praise.

5. JEHOVAH JESUS.



- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well-pleased he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see ;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
To worship him who died for me.
- 6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine ;

He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

COWPER.

6. THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH.

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable ! divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind ;

Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

NEWTON.

7. PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN
OPENED.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply.

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be,)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !

7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

COWPER.

8. LOOKING AT THE CROSS.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Tho' not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
" This blood is for thy ransom paid,
" I die, that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

NEWTON.

9. UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.



- 1 LIKE crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall :
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.
- 2 Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen ;
I passed, and they were gone.
- 3 Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
With which I charge my page ;
A worm is in the bud of youth ;
And at the root of age.
- 4 No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come ;
No med'cine, tho' it oft can cure,
Can always balk the tomb.
- 5 Then let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
So shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

COWPER.

10. RESIGNATION.



- 1 OH thou whose mercy guides my way,
Tho' now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here !
- 2 Oh grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain
Succeeded by a frown.
- 3 Then, tho' thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see :
The very hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

EDMESTON.



11. THE CHRISTIAN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.



- 1 O most delightful hour' by man
Experienc'd here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe !
- 2 Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,

To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

- 3 My home henceforth is in the skies,
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu !
All heav'n unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.

- 4 So speaks the Christian, firm possess'd
Of Faith's supporting rod,
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

COWPER.

12. THE RESURRECTION HOPE.

- 1 I HEARD thee—not the seraph's strain
Could wake such raptures in my breast ;
Thy prayer could ease the bed of pain,
And soothe the struggling soul to rest.
- 2 I lov'd thee—not the mountain's brow
More gladly caught day's youngest beam,
Than I thy smile,—'tis vanish'd now,
A brief delight, a lovely dream.
- 3 Avails it, that thy mantling bloom
Hath left thee in this lonely cell ?

Avails it that death's dark'ning gloom
Hath dimm'd those eyes where love
should dwell?

- 4 That cheek shall wear a fairer hue,
When risen from this yielding sod ;
Those eyes shall speak, in softer blue,
Love in the paradise of God !

ANON.

13. NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

- 1 HE lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside ;
For other source than God is none,
Whence life can be supplied.
- 2 To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may ;
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.
- 3 But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys compris'd,
Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,
But rather death disguis'd.
- 4 Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove

- For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above ?
- 5 Who trample order, and the day
Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
And worship chance alone ?
- 6 If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man unbless'd
With life that cannot die ;
- 7 Such want it, and that want, uncur'd
Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal, assur'd
Of everlasting death.
- 8 Sad period to a pleasant course !
Yet so will God repay
Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,
And mercy cast away.

COWPER.

14.

THE SAME.

- 1 THANKLESS for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon ;
Tho' 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

- 2 But he, not wise enough to scan
His best concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages, if he might.
- 3 To ages in a world of pain,
To ages, where he goes,
Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose.
- 4 Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamour'd of its harm !
Strange world, that costs it so much smart
And still has power to charm.
- 5 Whence has the world her magic pow'r ?
Why deem we death a foe ?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer woe !
- 6 The cause is conscience—conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews :
Her voice is terrible, tho' soft,
And dread of death ensues.
- 7 Then anxious to be longer spared,
Man mourns his fleeting breath :
All evils then seem light compared
With the approach of death.
- 8 'Tis judgment shakes him : there's the fear
That prompts his wish to stay ;
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

- 9 PAY!—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace ensures;
Think on the grave where he was laid,
And calm descend to yours.

COWPER.

15.

EPITAPH.

- ~~~~~
- 1 FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this?
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee
here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.
- 2 No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of
night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;
Now should we rather hail thy glorious
flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

ANON.

16. THE SAVIOUR WEEPING OVER
JERUSALEM.

- ~~~~~
- 1 O SALEM! who, in proud disdain,
My faithful prophets slew;

And soon the cup of guilt to drain,
Wilt slay thy Saviour too !
How had my love thy children blest,
Their deeds of blood forgot,
And led them to eternal rest !
But they consented not.

- 2 Now shall thy house be desolate,
Thy glory now shall close ;
Nor leave one trace of ruined state,
To tell where Salem rose.
Nor shalt thou thy Redeemer see,
Nor hail thy crown restor'd,
Till thou shalt say, " How blest is he
Whom thou hast sent, O Lord !"

DALE.

17. UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

- 1 MAN like a flower at morn appears,
And blooms perhaps a few short years :
The flatterer, Hope, still leads him on
In quest of pleasure, finding none ;
Or, if he finds it for a day,
It soon takes wings and flies away.
- 2 Oft things which promise passing fair,
Deceive and yield him nought but care.

Care, ever varying, ever new,
Must still our fallen race pursue :
Comes joy ? care with it comes along,
And spoils the syren's sweetest song.

- 3 See pleasure with bewitching charms,
Man grasps it in his eager arms ;
The vision swift dissolves in air,
He grasps—but finds it is not there ;
The airy phantom still he views,
And still as vainly he pursues.
- 4 A better hope the Christian cheers,
Which joyful thro' life's gloom appears ;
Firm on a rock his hope he builds,
Which to no storm nor tempest yields ;
Let earth dissolve—he will not fear ;
And why ? his hope is not fix'd here.
- 5 He looks to heav'n, where ev'ry joy
Is pure, unmix'd, without alloy ;
Joys such as mortals never knew,
Nor raptur'd fancy ever drew,
Joys which shall never pass away,
Tho' heav'n and earth should both decay.
- 6 Tho' worldly pleasures here should fail,
And sorrows for a while prevail ;
Tho' friends forsake, and death remove
The dearest objects of our love ;
Yet there remains a heavenly rest
For those whom Christ the Lord has blest

- 7 And shall the world's deceitful smile
Us of this glorious hope beguile?
Shall we earth's empty pleasures prize,
And heav'n seem little in our eyes?
It must not be—vain dreams away,
We look for joys which ne'er decay.

ANON.

18. LOVE TO PARENTS.

- 1 To honour those who gave us birth,
To cheer their age, to feel their worth,
Is God's command to human kind,
And own'd by every grateful mind.
- 2 Trace then the tender scenes of old,
And all our infant days unfold;
Yield back to sight the mother's breast,
Watchful to lull her child to rest.
- 3 Survey her toil, her anxious care,
To form the lisping lips to pray'r;
To win for God the yielding soul,
And all its ardent thoughts control.
- 4 Nor hold from mem'ry's glad review,
The fears which all the father knew;
The joy that mark'd his thankful gaze
As virtue crown'd maturer days.

- 5 When press'd by sickness, pain, or grief,
How anxious they to give relief!
Our dearest wish they held their own;
Till our's return'd their peace was flown.
- 6 God of our life, each parent guard,
And death's sad hour, O! long retard;
Be theirs each joy that gilds the past,
And heaven our mutual home at last.

NOEL.

19.

CONFESSION.

-
- 1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise;
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;

And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies :
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

ANON.

20. BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR
EVER.

- 1 BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver ;
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping ;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.
- 2 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity ;
God of life ! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

HOGG.

21.

SICKNESS.



- 1 WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame
Acute disease and weak'ning pain ;
When life fast spends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man is vain ;
Joyless and dark all things appear,
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh :
Med'cines can't ease, nor cordials cheer,
Nor food support, nor sleep refresh.
- 2 O ! then to have recourse to God,
'To pray to him in time of need ;
To feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
This is to find a friend indeed.
O Christian ! this thy happy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith ;
He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death.
- 3 When flesh and heart decays and fails,
He will thy strength and portion be,
Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, " Trust in me."
Himself shall be thy tender friend,
Thy kind physician and thy stay,

To make thy bed will condescend,
And chase thy burning tears away.

HART.

22.

SUBMISSION.

THERE is a secret in the ways of God,
With his own children, which none others
know,
That sweetens all he does ; and if such peace,
While under his afflicting hand, we find,
What will it be to see him as he is,
And past the reach of all that now disturbs
The tranquil soul's repose? To contemplate,
In retrospect unclouded, all the means
By which his wisdom has prepar'd his saints
For the vast weight of glory which remains !
Come then, Affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend: A friend that
frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy.
We welcome clouds which bring the former
rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken
round,
And shade the beauties of the op'ning year,

That, by their stores enrich'd, the earth may
yield

A fruitful summer, and a plenteous crop.

SWAINE.

23. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid !
Star of the east the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall !
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
- 3 Say shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor

- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid !
Star of the east the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

BISHOP HEBER.

24. PURSUIT AFTER HAPPINESS.

- 1 No longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue ;
O happiness, not to be found !
Unattainable treasure, adieu !
- 2 I have sought thee in splendour and dress,
In the regions of pleasure and taste ;
I have sought thee, and seemed to possess,
But have proved thee a vision at last.
- 3 An humble ambition and hope
The voice of true wisdom inspires :
'Tis sufficient, if *peace* be the scope
And the summit of all our desires.
- 4 Peace may be the lot of the mind
That seeks it in meekness and love,
But rapture and bliss are confined
To the glorified spirits above.

COWPER.

25.

DEATH.



- 1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours
hence,
And none resist the fatal dart ;
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to strike my heart ?
- 3 Think, O my soul ! how much depends
On the short period of a day ;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?
- 4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use ;
Awake ! rouse every active power !
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little—this important hour !
- 5 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine !
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death, are thine.
- 6 O teach me the celestial skill
Each awful warning to improve ;

And while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above !

MRS. STEELE.

26. THE POWER OF GOD.

- 1 SHALL mortal man, a child of earth,
Who yesterday receiv'd his birth
From God's all-bounteous hand ;
Shall *he*, while sojourning below,
Presume th' Almighty's plans to know,
His ways to understand ?
- 2 He rides upon the stormy deep ;
His watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Wide o'er creation roll ;
And from his high empyreal throne,
Views, with one glance, the torrid zone
And ice-surrounded pole.
- 3 His paths the trackless waters are,
The winged whirlwind is his car,
His wheels the hurricane :
His fiery coursers, bounding, fly,
Borne rapid through th' ethereal sky,
Or o'er the foaming main !

- 4 Earth, as he passes, shakes with fear;
Th' infernal spirits when they hear,
 To deeper caverns fly;
Fierce, blazing lightnings mark his way,
Behind him pealing thunders play
 Their dread artillery!
- 5 His wisdom, infinite and vast,
Shall through eternal ages last,
 Unchangeably the same;
While in the dreary shades of hell,
His justice so inflexible,
 Proclaims his awful name.
- 6 Before the earth or worlds were made,
His vast eternal plans were laid
 In wisdom and in love;
And what the Almighty *then* designed
Is finish'd in th' eternal mind!
 His purpose cannot move.
- 7 Ah! then suppress each rising sigh,
Nor dare to ask the Almighty why,
 Or what his hands perform;
Submit to his all-wise decrees,
Whose power can calm the raging seas,
 Or raise them to a storm!

27. THE HEAVENLY REST.



- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known :
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.
- 2 Celestial Spirit, make me know
That I shall enter in ;
Now, Saviour, now thy pow'r bestow,
And wash me from my sin.
- 3 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 4 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend ;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my end.

WESLEY

28. INVITATION TO THE YOUNG.



- 1 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,

And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 “ The soul that longs to see my grace
“ Is sure my love to gain ;
“ And those that early seek my face
“ Shall never seek in vain.”

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move
If once compared with thee ?
What beauty should command my love
Like what in Christ I see ?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find !

DODDRIDGE.

29. COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown :

No trav'ller ever reach'd that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers on his road.
For He, who knew what human hearts would
 prove,

How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls his grace design'd
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, " Go, spend them in the vale of
 tears !"

O balmy gales of soul-reviving air
O salutary streams that murmur there !
These flowing from the fount of grace above,
Those breath'd from lips of everlasting love.
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing
 joys ;

An envious world will interpose its frown,
To mar delights superior to its own ;
And many a pang experienc'd still within,
Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin ;
But ills of every shape and ev'ry name,
Transform'd to blessings, miss their cruel aim ;
And ev'ry moment's calm that soothes the
 breast,
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

30.

HEAVEN.



I LOVE to think of heav'n, where I shall meet
My fellow-travellers, and where no more
With grief or sin my mind will be disturb'd,
Where holy saints and holy angels dwell
In constant harmony and mutual love.
But, when my heart anticipates the sight
Of GOD INCARNATE, wearing on his side,
And hands, and feet, those marks of love
divine,
Which he on Calvary for me endur'd,
All heaven beside is swallowed up in this ;
And he who is my hope of heav'n below,
Appears the glory of my heav'n above.

SWAINE.



31. CAMERONIAN MIDNIGHT

HYMN.



1 OH ! thou, that dwell'st in the heavens
so high,
Beyond yon star, within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields need no other
light,
Nor the sun by day,—nor the moon by
night.

- 2 Though shining millions around thee
stand,
For the sake of Him at thy right hand,
Oh! think on the souls he died for here,
Thus wand'ring in darkness, in doubt,
and fear.
- 3 The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They own no Saviour, and they fear no
God;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,
Oh! turn not thou thy face away.
- 4 Our night is dreary and dim our day,
And if thou turn'st thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
And have none to look to, and none to
trust.
- 5 Thy aid, Oh, mighty One! we crave,
Not shorten'd is thy arm to save;
Afar from thee we now sojourn,
Return to us, Oh, God, return!

HOGG.

32. THE MARTYR TO HIS APOSTATE JUDGE.

No!—think not I can ever be
False to my Saviour's hallow'd name

For aught that thou could'st offer me—
A little life—a little fame :
'Twere weak indeed to lose for them
A bright, unfading diadem.

Hear then my firm resolve—and now
The guards, the racks, the flames prepare ;
And brand me false and frail as thou,
If I retract or tremble there :
Go thou, thy bleeding Lord disown ;
Be mine the faithful martyr's crown !

Aye, thou may'st smile,—but not in scorn,
Proud minion of a despot's will ;
Thy direst vengeance have I borne,
And stand prepar'd to bear it still ;
My pride, my glory it shall be
To die for him who died for me !

And if one passing pang I feel,
Deluded crowd ! 'tis felt for you ;
Ev'n thus resolved the truth to seal,
Would that ye were martyrs too !
Blest Saviour!—Lord of Earth and Hea-
ven—

Oh ! be their sins and mine forgiv'n.

DALE.

33.

HOPE.

THERE is a thought, can lift the soul
Above the narrow sphere that bounds it,
A Star, that sheds its mild control
Brightest, when grief's dark cloud surrounds
it ;
And pours a soft, pervading ray,
Life's ills can never chase away.

When earthly joys have left the breast,
And ev'n the last fond hope it cherish'd
Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—
Beneath woe's with'ring touch has perish'd,
With fadeless lustre streams *that* light—
A halo on the brow of night.

And bitter were our sojourn here,
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear,—
The herald of a brighter morrow,—
A friendly beacon from on high,
To guide us to ETERNITY.

ALARIC WATTS

34. WELCOME TO CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.



- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us, by grace, 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name :
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll speak of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;

And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.

35. THE SCRIPTURES.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God ;
No other can its place supply :
It points me to the saint's abode ;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.
- 2 Sweet book, in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent lord ;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear
To mansions that will ne'er decay ;
My Lord, O when will he appear,
And bear his pris'ner far away ?
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more ;
For nothing shall be then conceal'd :
When I have reach'd the heavenly shore,
The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.
- 5 When, 'midst the throng celestial placed,
The bright Original I see,
From which thy sacred page was traced,
Sweet book, I've no more need of thee.

- 6 But while I'm *here*, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love ;
I'll read, with faith's discerning eye,
And get a taste of joys above.
- 7 I know his Spirit breathes in thee,
To animate his people here :
May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
Till in his presence I appear !

KELLY.

36.

RESIGNATION.

-
- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the *past*,
And mourns the *present* pain ;
How sweet to think of *peace* at last,
And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will ;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heav'n-taught *faith* surveys
The path to realms of light ;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in *sight*.
- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows,
To see HIM face to face,

Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

- 5 It is that harass'd *conscience* feels
The pangs of struggling sin ;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.
- 6 Oh ! let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care :
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

NOEL.

37. DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

- 1 WHEN a believer yields his breath,
I follow him with eyes of faith
Where sense can see no more ;
Methinks I see him spread his wings,
And soar above material things,
To yon celestial shore.
- 2 No tongue can tell, no fancy paint,
What transport fills th' enraptur'd saint,
Of paradise possess'd :
His wants abundantly supplied,
His wishes fully satisfied,
Himself supremely blest !

- 3 But what occasions so much joy ?
Or what can now his pow'rs employ,
That yields him such delight ?
'Tis Jesus on his heav'nly throne,
Who sav'd and claim'd him for his own ;
What object half so bright ?
- 4 How far is what he saw below,
Or all he had the pow'r to know,
By what he sees excell'd !
The clouds that interpos'd before,
Obstruct his clearer view no more ;
And Jesus stands reveal'd.
- 5 But see, he joins the ransom'd throng,
And swells the grand triumphant song
" Of Moses and the Lamb !"
Jesus, the object of their praise ;
The Lord, who deign'd such worms to
Th' unsearchable " I AM !" [raise ;
- 6 O may we know the Saviour's grace ;
And then in heaven behold his face,
On wings angelic borne :
For this let men our hope contemn ;
Well pleas'd we'll smile and pity them,
And haste beyond their scorn.

KELLY.

38. HEAVENLY MINSTREL.



- 1 ENTHRONED upon a hill of light,
A heavenly minstrel sings ;
And sounds, unutterably bright,
Spring from the golden strings.
Who would have thought so fair a form
Once bent beneath an earthly storm !
- 2 Yet was he sad and lonely here ;
Of low and humble birth ;
And mingled, while in this dark sphere,
With meanest sons of earth.
In spirit poor, in look forlorn,
The jest of mortals and the scorn.
- 3 A crown of heavenly radiance now,
A harp of golden strings,
Glitters upon his deathless brow,
And to his hymn-note rings.
The bower of interwoven light
Seems at the sound to grow more bright.
- 4 Then, while with visage blank and sear,
The poor in soul we see ;
Let us not think what he is here,
But what he soon will be :
And look beyond this earthly night,
To crowns of gold, and bowers of light.

EDMESTON.

39. THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

- ~~~~~
- 1 THERE is a family on earth,
Whose Father fills a throne ;
But, though a seed of heavenly birth,
To men they're little known.
 - 2 Whene'er they meet the public eye,
They feel the public scorn ;
For men their fairest claims deny,
And count them basely born.
 - 3 But 'tis the King who reigns above
That claims them for his own ;
The favoured objects of his love,
And destined to a throne.
 - 4 The honours that belong to them,
By *men* are set at nought ;
Whatever shines not *they* condemn,
Unworthy of a thought !
 - 5 But, Ah ! how little they reflect !
For, mark the unerring word !
"That which with men has most respect,
"Is odious to the Lord."
 - 6 Were honours evident to sense,
Their portion here below ;

The world would do them reverence,
And all their claims allow.

7 But when the King himself was here,
His claims were set at nought;
Would they another lot prefer?
Rejected be the thought!

8 No! they will tread, while here below,
The path their Master trod;
Content all honour to forego
But that which comes from God.

9 And when the King again appears,
He'll vindicate their claim;
Eternal honour shall be theirs;
Their foes be filled with shame.

KELLY

40. EVENING HYMN.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!
My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose.

- 2 By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest ;
Heavenly Father ! Gracious name !
Night and day his love the same !
Far be each suspicious thought !
Every anxious care forgot.
- 3 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good :
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep.
Blest vicissitude to me !
Day and night I'm still with thee.



PART SECOND.

- 1 WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me ?
Sleepless well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.
- 2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light ;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way ;
- 3 While the stars, unnumbered, roll
Round the ever-constant pole ;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.

- 4 'Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise :
- 5 'Midst the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear :
From on high doth he impart
Secret comfort to my heart.
- 6 He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his Spirit doth diffuse
Sweeter far than midnight dews ;
- 7 Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love :
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with thee !

~~~~~  
PART THIRD.

- 1 WHAT if death my sleep invade ?  
Should I be of death afraid ?  
Whilst encircled by thine arm,  
Death may strike but cannot harm.
- 2 What if beams of opening day  
Shine around my breathless clay ?  
Brighter visions from on high  
Shall regale my mental eye.

- 3 Tender friends a while may mourn  
Me, from their embraces torn :  
Dearer, better friends I have  
In the realms beyond the grave.
- 4 See the guardian angels nigh,  
Wait to waft my soul on high !  
See the golden gates displayed !  
See the crown to grace my head !
- 5 See a flood of sacred light,  
Which no more shall yield to night !  
Transitory world farewell !  
Jesus calls with him to dwell.

DODDRIDGE.

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41. LOVE OF GOD.

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- 1 OUR Father sits on yonder throne,  
Amidst the hosts above :  
He reigns throughout the world alone,  
He reigns the God of love.
- 2 He knew us when we knew him not,  
Was with us, though unseen ;  
His favours came to us unsought,  
His love has wondrous been.
- 3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,  
Whatever foe assails,

With vigilance that never sleeps,  
With power that never fails.  
He gives us hope that we shall be,  
Ere long, with him above ;  
That we shall all his glory see,  
And celebrate his love.  
Then let us, while we dwell below,  
Obey our Father's voice ;  
To all his dispensations bow,  
And in his name rejoice.  
How sweet to hear him say at last,  
“ Ye blessed children, come ;  
“ The days of banishment are past,  
“ And heaven is now your home.

KELLY.

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## 42. PRAYER.

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PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.  
Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven by prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, " Behold he prays !"
- 6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
When with the Father and his Son,  
Their fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone :  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 O thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way :  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

MONTGOMERY

## 3. THE HEAVENLY REST.

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THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given ;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven !

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven !

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven !

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven :
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven !

There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;

There rays divine disperse the gloom :
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven !

ANON.

44. " SAY YE TO THE RIGHTEOUS,
IT SHALL BE WELL WITH HIM."

Deserted by each faithless friend,
When fortune's smiles, no more attend,
Submissive to his Father's will,
The patient Christian trusts him still,
Still walks in wisdom's pleasant way,
And loves to hear, and praise, and pray,
His joy and peace, oh who can tell !
In wealth and want, with him " all's well."

Or passing through death's gloomy vale,
When fears invade, and doubts assail,
While leaning on the staff and rod
Of his unchanging faithful God ;
A gleam of heavenly light appears,
The Saviour wipes away his tears,
Triumphant over death and hell,
In life and death with him ' all's well.'

J. S. HARVEY.

5. THE HIDING-PLACE.



AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bar'd for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, Oh where! shall man retire,
T' escape the horrors of his ire?

'Tis he, the Lamb, to whom we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by ;
God sees his well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;
Fall'n, abject, mean, a sentenc'd race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside ;

Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

- 7 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We thro' the Lamb shall be decreed ;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

KIRKE WHITE.

46. DEPENDANCE ON CHRIST ALONE.

- 1 If ever it could come to pass,
That sheep of Christ might fall away,
My fickle, feeble soul, alas !
Would fall a thousand times a day.
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.
- 2 I on thy promises depend,
(At least I to depend desire,)
That thou wilt love me to the end,
Be with me in temptation's fire :
Wilt for me work, and in me too,
And guide me right, and bring me through.
- 3 None other stay have I beside,
If these can alter I must fall ;

I look to thee to be supplied
With life, with will, with power, with all.
Rich souls may glory in their store,
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

HART.

47. FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray,
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are weak as they.
- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart,
Thine everlasting peace!

- 5 Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led ;
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 6 And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way :
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

KIRKE WHITE.

48. " I WILL PRAISE THE LORD
AT ALL TIMES."

- 1 WINTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.
- 2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life-invigorating suns :
Hark ! the turtle's plaintive song
Seems to speak his dying groans !
- 3 Summer has a thousand charms,
All expressive of his worth ;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.
- 4 What, has Autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace ?

Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.

5 Light appears with early dawn :
While the sun makes haste to rise,
See his bleeding beauties dawn
On the blushes of the skies.

6 Ev'ning, with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shows an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest. COWPER.

49. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,

- When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

KIRKE WHITE.

50. VANITY OF THE WORLD.

- 1 AH! why should this immortal mind,
Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,
And never, never rise?
Why, thus amus'd with empty toys,
And sooth'd with visionary joys;
Forget her native skies?
- 2 The mind was form'd to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.

3 The world employs its various snares,
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
 And chain'd to earth I lie :
 When shall my fetter'd powers be free,
 And leave these seats of vanity,
 And upward learn to fly ?

4 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
 Invite my soul—O could I rise,
 Nor leave a thought below !
 I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
 And say to every tempting snare,
 Heaven calls, and I must go.

5 Heaven calls, and can I yet delay ?
 Can ought on earth engage my stay ?
 Ah ! wretched, lingering heart !
 Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and
 Assist and guide my upward flight, [light,
 And bid the world depart.

MRS. STEELE.

51. SICKNESS.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
 And long to soar away.

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the throne,
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book mark'd down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joy my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that thy death
My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet on thy faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on thy covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust thy truth divine ;
Sweet to lie passive in thy hands,
And have no will but thine.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What will that fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee !
- 8 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,

- Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 9 There shall my disembodied soul
Behold him and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.
- 10 Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound ;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
- 11 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know !
- 12 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away !

TOPLADY.

52. LONGING TO DEPART.

- 1 YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Emmanuel's face,

In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good ;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat :
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from death and despair :
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong :
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see !

4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name ;

I want—O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you!

MARIE DE FLEURY.

53. LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and pow'r:
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline:

- 5 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd :
I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,
I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.
- 6 And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 7 Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 8 Thus the strokes which from sin and from
Shall set me eternally free, [pain,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

COWPER.

54.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

-
- 1 BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding who is HE ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb.

- By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death dew'd brow,
Son of Man ! 'tis thou ! 'tis thou !
- 2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful who is HE ?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembled at HIS doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere he died
To the felon at his side,
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God ! 'tis thou ! 'tis thou !
- 3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is HE ?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost giv'n up in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know thee now ;
Son of Man ! 'tis thou ! 'tis thou !
- 4 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful who is HE ?

By the prayer for them that slew,
“ Lord ! they know not what they do ! ”
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the Conquest he hath won,
By the saints before HIS throne,
By the rainbow round HIS brow,
Son of God ! 'tis thou ! 'tis thou !

MILMAN.

55. THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

1 DEATHLESS principle, arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown ;
Go, his triumph to adorn ;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high !
Fearless to his presence fly ;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God !

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait, to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distress,
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away.
Singing to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him,
Him, whose dying love and pow'r
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its war:
Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there!

5 See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade!

Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore !

- 6 Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven !
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes !
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death !

TOPLADY.

56. CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

- 1 HE who sits from day to day,
Where the prison'd lark is hung,
Heedless of his loudest lay,
Hardly knows that he has sung :
Daily visitations come
Publishing to all aloud,
Soon the grave must be your home,
And your only suit a shroud.
- 2 But the monitory strain,
Oft repeated in our ears,
Seems to sound too much in vain,
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Pleasure's call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may ;
New as ever seem our sins,
Though committed every day.

- 3 Death and judgment, heaven and hell,
These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell,
When some stranger is interr'd.
Oh, then, ere the turf or tomb
Cover us from every eye,
Spirit of instruction come,
Make us learn that we must die !

COWPER.

57. COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

- 1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few ;
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd every human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;

Still He, who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despis'd by those I priz'd too well ;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shar'd his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;
Yet he who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend ;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou, didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.
- 6 And, O ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

58.

THE DREAM.



IN a dream of the night, I was wafted away,
To the Muirlands of mist, where the bless'd
martyrs lay ;

There Cameron's sword and Bible are seen,
Engrav'd on the stone, where the heather
grows green.

It was a dream of the ages of darkness and
blood,

When the ministers' home were the moun-
tains and wood ;

When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the
standard of Zion,

All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was
lying :

It was morning, and summer's bright sun
from the east,

Lay in lovely repose on the green mountain's
breast ;

On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shin-
ing dew

Glisten'd shene 'mong the heathbells and
mountain flowers blue ;

And far up in heaven, in the clear shining
cloud,

The song of the lark was melodious and loud :

And in Glenmuir's dark solitude, lengthen'd
and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and the bleat-
ing of sheep.
And Wellwood's sweet valley breath'd nothing
but gladness.
The first meadow blooms hung in beauty and
redness ;
Its daughters were happy to hail the re-
turning,
And drink the delights of bright July's green
morning.
But, ah ! there were hearts cherished far
other feelings,
Illum'd by the light of prophetic reveal-
ings,
Who drank nought from the scenery of beauty
but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew
it to-morrow.
'Twas the few faithful ones, who with Cam-
eron were lying
Conceal'd 'mong the mist, where the heath-
fowl were crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them
were hovering,
And their bridle reins seen through the thin
misty covering.

Their faces were pale, and their swords were
unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow
was unbreathed ;
With eyes raised to heaven, in meek resig-
nation,
They sung their last song to the God of
salvation.
The hills with the deep mournful music were
ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were
singing ;
But the melody died 'mid derision and
laughter,
While the hosts of th' ungodly rushed on to
the slaughter.
Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire
they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm
and unclouded ;
Their dark eyes shot lightning, as, proud and
unbending,
They stood like the rock which the lightning
is rending.
The muskets were flashing, the blue swords
were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood
was streaming ;

The heavens were dark, and the thunder
was rolling,
While in Wellwood's dark moorlands the
mighty were falling.—
When the righteous had fallen, and the com-
bat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud
descended,
Its attendants were angels, and cherubs of
whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles
of brightness ;
A seraph unfolded the doors bright and
shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refin-
ing :
And the souls that came forth out of great
tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of
salvation.
On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is
gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horse-
men are riding.
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is
before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

HISLOP.

59. 'THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.'

-
- 1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh :
- 2 O ! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe !
- 3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee ;
What love his latest words display'd,
" Meet and remember me !"
- 4 Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share !
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there !

NOEL.

60. RESIGNATION.

-
- 1 THESE hearts, alas ! cleave to the dust
By strong and endless ties ;
Whilst ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

- 2 When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end ;
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.
- 3 Resign—and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,
Devolve on One above—
- 4 Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hand ;
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

YOUNG.

61.

THE SAME.

-
- 1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheer'd my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosp'rous days refus'd ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruis'd.

- 3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driv'n :
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heav'n.
- 4 All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

R. P.

62. LIGHT ARISING OUT OF
DARKNESS.

- 1 CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
Your pilgrim path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true—
- 2 Why move ye thus, with ling'ring tread
A doubtful, mournful band ?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
Why fails the feeble hand ?
- 3 Oh ! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care ;
A moment's toil, a passing show'r,
Is all the grief ye share.

- 4 The Lord of Light, though, veil'd awhile,
He hides his noontide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile,
To gild the closing day ;
- 5 And, bursting through the dusky shroud,
That dar'd his pow'r invest,
Ride thron'd in light o'er ev'ry cloud,
And guide you to his rest.

BOWDLER.

63. WALKING WITH GOD.

- 1 OH ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;

- I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- COWPER.
-

64. THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.

- 1 INCARNATE God ! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
To feeble, helpless worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove
From enemies and storms.
- 3 In vain the fowler spreads his net,
To draw them from thy care ;

Thy timely call instructs their feet
To shun the artful snare.

4 When, like a baneful pestilence,
Sin mows its thousands down,
On ev'ry side without defence,
Thy grace secures thine own.

5 No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
No arrow wounds by day ;
Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
If found in 'duty's way.

6 Angels unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer their spirit when it faints
And guard their life from harms.

7 The Angels' Lord himself is nigh
To them that love his name,
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

8 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here ;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear ?

65. RETIREMENT.



- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine ;
And (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour, thou art mine !

- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

COWPER.

66. RETROSPECTION.

- 1 WHEN darkly to the eye of truth
Unfolds the retrospect of youth ;
And sins unnumber'd barb their dart,
And bid it fester in the heart :
- 2 When jarring passions wound the soul,
Impatient of their wild control ;
And oft the weary spirit bends,
To ask the aid Religion lends :
- 3 When Mem'ry pours the silent tear,
And seeks the friend who once was near,
The kindred friend too quickly fled,
Too early number'd with the dead !
- 4 O then, by fervent pray'r, apply
To Him whose arm brings succour nigh :
He has himself known sorrow's pow'r,
And shudder'd in the stormy hour.

- 5 Touch'd with the feeling of thy woe,
He sees the thoughts which sink thee low ;
From climes of bliss bends down his ear,
And all thy anguish deigns to hear.
- 6 Go then ! address his throne of love !
There trace thy pardon seal'd above !
There find in him sweet peace arise,
And mark the Friend who never dies !

NOEL.

67. RELIGION.

- 1 THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting traveller wends his way :
Bewild'ring meteors glare around,
And tempt his wand'ring feet astray.
- 2 Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky
The guardian angel of the night.
- 3 Thus mortals, blind and weak below,
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life's a pilgrimage of pain !

- 4 Till mild Religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heav'nly love,
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.
- 5 Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chast'ning road ;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.
- 6 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way and leads the soul.
- 7 At her approach, the grave appears
The gate of paradise restor'd ;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.
- 8 Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire.
And reign with God for ever reign !

MONTGOMERY.

60. THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

- ~~~~~
- 1 HE cometh, He cometh, the Lord pass-
eth by ;
The mountains are rending, the tempest
is nigh ;
The wind is tumultuous, the rocks are
o'ercast ;
But the Lord of the Prophet is not in
the blast.
- 2 He cometh, He cometh, the Lord, He
is near,
The earth it is reeling, all nature's in fear ;
The earthquake's approaching with terri-
ble form ;
But the Lord of Sabaoth is not in the
storm.
- 3 He cometh, He cometh, the Lord is in ire ;
The smoke is ascending, the mount is on
fire ;
O say is Jehovah revealing His name !
He is near, but Jehovah is not in the
flame,
- 4 He cometh, He cometh, the tempest is
o'er,
He is come, neither tempest nor storm
shall be more,

All nature reposes, earth, ocean, and sky,
Are still as the voice that descends from
on high.

- 5 How sweet to the soul are the breathings
of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease,
When the welcome of mercy falls soft
on the ear,
“Come hither ye laden—ye weary draw
near.”

- 6 There is rest for the soul that on Jesus
relies,
There's a home for the homeless, prepared
in the skies,
There's a joy in believing, a hope and a
stay,
That the world cannot give nor the world
take away.

- 7 'O had I the wings of a dove, I would fly,
And mount on the pinions of faith to the
sky,
Where the still and small breathing to
earth that was given,
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus
of heaven.

WM. M'COMB.

39. CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.



- 1 Nor for thee, nor for me, was earth's
valley decreed,
Nor its visions of tasteless delight ;
For our pinions are spread, and our fet-
ters are freed,
For a higher—a heavenlier flight.
- 2 From the sorrowful scenes of this world
and its woes,
From the dungeons and glooms of to-day,
To those regions of hope, whose resplen-
dency throws
O'er the future the past's dearest ray.
- 3 O my friend ! what a hope have I nursed
in this lay,
What a joy round our being it throws,
While the path of our hope, where we
tranquilly stray,
With the light of eternity glows !
- 4 In that path be thou near me, and while
I aspire,
Thou shalt calm all the thoughts that
repine ;

One in blood, in belief, one in hope and
desire,

And the pinions that waft me are thine.

5 In the desert that leads to the grave and
its rest,

Is thy friendship a moistening shower ;
In the tempests which life's rugged path-
way molest,

Is that friendship a sheltering bower.

DA COSTA.

70.

HEBREW HYMN.

~~~~~

1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord belov'd,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her mov'd,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.  
By day along the astonish'd lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night Arabia's crimson'd sands  
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

2 There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen ;  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,  
With priests' and warriors' voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,  
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone :  
 Our fathers would not know *Thy* ways,  
 And *Thou* hast left them to their own.

3 But present still, though now unseen,  
 When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,  
 Be thoughts of *Thee* a cloudy screen,  
 To temper the deceitful ray.  
 And Oh ! when stoops on Judah's path,  
 In shade and storm, the frequent night ;  
 Be *Thou*, long-suff'ring, slow to wrath,  
 A burning and a shining light !

4 Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
 No censer round our altar beams,  
 And mute are timbrel, trumpet, and horn.  
 But *Thou* hast said, The blood of goat,  
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize :  
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
 Are more accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## 71. DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS.

1 THE Assyrian came down like the wolf  
     on the fold,      [and gold ;  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple

And the sheen of their spears was like  
stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on  
deep Galilee.

2 Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset  
were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn  
hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and  
strown.

3 For the Angel of Death spread his wings  
on the blast,  
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he  
pass'd,  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly  
and chill,  
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for  
ever grew still.

4 And there lay the steed with his nostril  
all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath  
of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on  
the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating  
surf.

- 5 And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust  
on his mail :  
And the tents were all silent, the banners  
alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-  
blown.
- 6 And the widows of Ashur are loud in  
their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of  
Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote  
by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of  
the Lord.

HEBREW MELODY.

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## 72. THE HARP OF JUDAH.

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- 1 SWEET harp of Judah ! shall thy sound  
No more be heard on earthly ground,  
Nor mortal raise the lay again,  
That rung through Judah's sainted reign ?
- 2 No—for to higher worlds belong  
The wonders of thy sacred song :

Thy prophet-bards might sweep thy  
chords,

Thy glorious burthen was the Lord's.

- 3 Thy lay, descending from above,  
Full fraught with justice, truth, and love ;  
His Spirit breath'd and mingled there  
As much of heaven as earth could bear.
- 4 Kind was its tone—its warning plain ;  
But rebel Israel scorn'd the strain ;  
Proud, careless, unabash'd, they trod,  
Nor own'd the voice of Zion's God.
- 5 Then fell at length his vengeful stroke ;  
The necks that scorn'd to bend he broke ;  
The shrine his hand had guarded well,  
Himself destroyed—and Zion fell.
- 6 Final and unretreiv'd her fall ;  
The heathen ploughshare raz'd her wall ;  
And o'er the race of Judah's kings  
Rome's conqu'ring eagle clapp'd her wings.
- 7 Yet harp of Judah ! rung thy strain,  
And woke thy glories not in vain ;  
Yet, though in dust thy frame be hurl'd,  
Thy spirit rules a wider world.
- 8 Though faintly swell thy notes sublime,  
Far distant—down the stream of time ;



Yet, to our ears the sounds are giv'n,  
And e'en thy echo tells of heav'n.

- 9 Thro' worlds remote—the old—the new ;  
Thro' realms nor Rome nor Israel knew ;  
The Christian hears—and, by thy tone,  
Sweet harp of Judah ! tunes his own.

L. E.

### 73. “WE WEPT WHEN WE REMEM- BERED ZION.”

- 1 OH ! weep for those that wept by Babel's  
stream,  
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a  
dream ;  
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken  
shell ;  
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the  
godless dwell.

- 2 And where shall Israel lave her bleeding  
feet ?  
And when shall Zion's songs again seem  
sweet ?  
And Judah's melody once more rejoice  
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly  
voice ?

- 3 Tribes of the wand'ring foot and weary  
breast,  
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?  
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his  
cave,  
Mankind their country—Israel but the  
grave!

HEBREW MELODY.

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## 74.

## THE NATIVITY.

- 
- 1 WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion hill;  
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the  
night  
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light:
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound,  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptur'd soul.
- 3 Then swift to every startled eye,  
New streams of glory light the sky;  
Heav'n bursts her azure gates to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

- 4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came :  
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung,  
While thus they struck their harps and  
sung :
- 5 O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,  
The long expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 6 See, Mercy from her golden urn  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;  
Behold, she binds, with tender care,  
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 7 He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,  
Bids Satan and his host depart ;  
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !
- 8 O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh :  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

T. CAMPBELL.

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75. " BLESSED ARE THE DEAD  
THAT DIE IN THE LORD."

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- 1 HARK ! a voice, it cries from heav'n,  
Happy in the Lord who die ;

Happy they to whom 'tis given,  
From a world of grief to fly!  
They indeed are truly blest;  
From their labours then they rest.

2 All their toils and conflicts over,  
Lo! they dwell with Christ above;  
O! what glories they discover  
In the Saviour whom they love!  
Now they see him face to face,  
Him who saved them by his grace.

3 'Tis enough, enough for ever,  
'Tis his people's bright reward;  
They are blest indeed who never  
Shall be absent from their Lord!  
O! that we may die like those  
Who in Jesus then repose!

KELLY.

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## 76. THE ROCK OF AGES.

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1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

- 2 Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone :  
Thou must save, and thou alone !
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy Cross I cling :  
Naked, come to thee for dress :  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !

TOPLADY.

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## 77. THE GRACE OF GOD.

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- 1 MARK where the wave at eventide,  
In seeming slumber lies ;  
Mark how its glassy face reflects  
The richly-painted skies.

- 2 The brightest hues of heaven there  
In faint resemblance shine,  
Though oft the passing ripple breaks  
The beautiful design.
- 3 So, when redeeming love hath sooth'd  
Man's stormy soul to rest ;  
No more by raging passion toss'd,  
By anxious sorrow press'd ;
- 4 Cold and unstable in himself  
As yonder changeful waves,  
His bosom still reflects to heaven,  
The image it receives.
- 5 He feels a love, by love inspired,  
Returning whence it came,  
That can surrender all for One  
Who left so much for him.
- 6 And there is joy—the joy of One,  
Who, from a state of bliss,  
Looks back upon the awful depth  
Of wrath that once was his :
- 7 Peace such as earth has none to give,  
The peace of sin forgiv'n ;  
Of hopes exalted from the world,  
And bliss secured in heaven :
- 8 Faith that can rest upon her God,  
However dark his ways ;

- While reason questions of his word,  
Believes it—and obeys :  
Patience, forbearance, gentleness,  
The offspring all of heav'n,  
Such as befit a contrite soul,  
Mindful of sins forgiv'n :  
0 These, and whatever else may seem  
Most beautiful, most fair,  
Serenely beaming on the soul,  
Will trace their image there.

MISS C. FRY

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8. EVENING HYMN.

- ~~~~~  
WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse  
Continual watchings to keep,  
And, punctual as midnight renews,  
Demand the refreshment of sleep ;  
A sov'reign protector I have,  
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.  
2 From evil secure, and its dread,  
I rest, if my Saviour is nigh ;  
And songs, his kind presence indeed,  
Shall in the night season supply .

He smiles, and my comforts abound ;  
His grace as the dew shall descend,  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul he delights to defend.

- 3 Kind Author and Ground of my hope,  
Thee, thee, for my God I avow ;  
My glad Ebenezer set up,  
And own thou hast help'd me till now :  
I muse on the years that are past,  
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd ;  
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last  
A sinner so signally lov'd.
- 

## SECOND PART.

~~~~~

- 1 **INSPIRED** and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine !
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign :
If thou art my Shield and my Sun
The night is no darkness to me ;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 2 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep ;

By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep ;
Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the
Repair to the stations assign'd, [throne,
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

- 3 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing:
And while they protect my repose,
They chaunt to the praise of my King :
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

TOPLADY.

79. THE CROSS.

- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, " GOD IS LOVE."
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

- 3 THE CROSS! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terrors from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
'Tis all that sinners want below,
'Tis all that angels know above.

KELLY.

80. DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

- 1 How sweetly parts the Christian sun,
Just like the summer monarch set,
'Midst cloudless skies his journey done,
To rise in brighter regions yet.
- 2 O where the Christian ends his days,
Lingers a lovely line of rays,
That speaks his calm departure blest,
And promises to those who gaze,
The same beatitude of rest.

EDMESTON.

81. COMFORT IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

- ~~~~~
- 1 LET reason vainly boast her pow'r
To teach her children how to die ;
The sinner, in a dying hour,
Needs more than reason can supply :
A view of Christ, the sinner's Friend,
Alone can cheer him in the end.
 - 2 When nature sinks beneath disease,
And every earthly hope is fled,
What then can give the sinner ease,
And make him love a dying bed !
Jesus ! thy smile his heart can cheer ;
He's blest ev'n then, if thou art near.
 - 3 The Gospel does salvation bring,
And Jesus is the Gospel theme ;
In death, *redeemed* sinners sing,
And triumph in the Saviour's name :
“ O death, where is thy sting ? ” they cry,
“ O grave, where is thy victory ? ”
 - 4 Then let me die the death of those
Whom Jesus washes in his blood,
Who on his faithfulness repose,
And know that he indeed is God.
Around his throne we all shall meet,
And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

KELLY.

82. VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURES.



- 1 I QUIT the world's fantastic joys,
Her honours are but empty toys,
Her bliss an empty shade :
Like meteors in the midnight sky,
That glitter for a while and die,
Her glories flash and fade.
- 2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
'Tis all too mean for me :
Above the earth, above the skies,
My bold and fervent wishes rise,
My God, to heav'n and thee.
- 3 O source of glory, life, and love !
When to thy courts I mount above,
On contemplation's King,
I look with pity and disdain
On all the pleasures of the vain,
On all the pomp of kings.
- 4 Thy beauties rising in my sight,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
With rapture fill my breast

Though robb'd of all my worldly store,
In thee I never can be poor,
But must be ever blest.

DR. MORE.

83. COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 1 WHEN in the hours of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow ;
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust ;
- 2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
O this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh.
- 3 His counsels and upholding care,
My safety and my comfort are :
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! in whom but thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Lov'd in comparison with thee !
- 5 My flesh is hast'ning to decay,
Soon shall the world have pass'd away ;

And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall
fail!

- 6 But oh ! be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die ;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is *for ever* mine.

CONDER.

84.

REPENTANCE.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more ,
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide ;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then let the visits of thy love,
My inmost soul be call'd to share,

Till ev'ry grace combine to prove,
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

DODDRIDGE.

85. THE REVERIE.

- 1 O! THAT in unfetter'd union
Spirit could with spirit blend;
O! that in unseen communion,
Thought could hold the distant friend!
Who the secret can unravel,
Of the body's mystic guest?
Who knows how the soul may travel,
While unconsciously we rest?
- 2 While in pleasing thralldom lying,
Seal'd in slumbers deep, it seems,
Far abroad it may be flying—
What is sleep? and what are dreams?
Earth, how narrow thy dominions,
And how slow the body's pace!
O! to range on eagle pinions
Through illimitable space!
- 3 What is thought? in wild succession
Whence proceeds the motley train?
What first stamps the vague impression
On the ever-active brain?

What is thought—and whither tending
Does the subtile phantom flee ?
Does it, like a moonbeam ending,
Shine, then melt to vacancy ?

- 4 Has a strange mysterious feeling,
Something shapeless, undefin'd,
O'er thy lonely musings stealing,
Ne'er impress'd thy pensive mind ;
As if he, whose strong resemblance
Fancy in that moment drew,
By coincident remembrance,
Knew your thoughts—and thought of
you ?
- 5 When, at mercy's footstool bending,
Thou hast felt a secret glow ;
Faith and hope to heav'n ascending,
Love still lingering below ;
Say, has ne'er the thought impress'd thee,
That thy friend might feel thy pray'r ?
Or the wish at least possess'd thee,
He could then thy feeling share ?
- 6 Who can tell ? that fervent blessing,
Angels, did you here it rise ?
Do you thus your love expressing,
Watch o'er human sympathies ?
Do ye some mysterious token
To the kindred bosom bear ?

And to what the heart has spoken,
Wake a chord responsive there ?

7 Laws, perhaps unknown, but certain,
Kindred spirits may control ;
But what hand can lift the curtain,
And reveal the awful soul ?
Dimly through life's vapours seeing,
Who but longs for light to break ?
O this feverish dream of being !
When, my friend, shall we awake ?

8 Yes, the hour, the hour is hasting,
Spirit *shall* with spirit blend ;
Fast mortality is wasting,
Then the secret all shall end.
Let, then, thought hold sweet communion,
Let us breathe the mutual pray'r,
Till in heaven's eternal union,
O my friend ! to meet thee there.



PART II.

1 OH ! the hour when this material
Shall have vanish'd like a cloud :
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All th' invisible shall crowd ;
And the naked soul, surrounded
With innum'rous hosts of light,

Triumph in the view unbounded,
And adore the Infinite.

- 2 In that sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.
- 3 Will she there no fond emotion,
Nought of early love retain?
Or, absorb'd in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart-strings twin'd?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friend she leaves behind?
- 4 No: the past she still remembers:
Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew:
For the widow'd, lonely spirit,
Mourns till she be cloth'd afresh;
Longs *perfection* to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.
- 5 Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest,

Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest :
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heav'n shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

6 Can I trust a fellow-being ?
Can I trust an *angel's* care ?
O, thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there !
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod !
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God !

7 Blessed fold ! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence ;
Jesus is their Sun, their Centre,
And their shield Omnipotence :
Blessed ! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away ;
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

8 Lo ! it comes, that day of wonder
Louder chorals shake the skies ;
Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See the new-cloth'd myriads rise !
Thought, repress thy weak endeavour,
Here must reason prostrate fall :

O the ineffable *For Ever*,
And the *Eternal All in All*!

CONDER.

86. SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
When village bells awake the day ;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.
- 2 And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord !
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.
- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
- 4 And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art ;
That holy, heav'nly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.
- 5 In secret I have often pray'd,
And still the anxious fear would fall ;
But, on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

- 6 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's
And lets my spirit loose again. [bands,
- 7 Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.
- 8 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

87. SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 Is there a time when moments flow,
More lovelily than all beside ?
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.
- 2 O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The diff'rent forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.
- 3 And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,

With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

4 Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

5 If heav'n be ever felt below,
A scene so heav'nly sure as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

6 Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

7 Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A SUN that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

EDMESTON.

88. "LOVE TO GOD."

1 OH! sweet is morn's first breeze that
 strays on the mountain,
And sighs o'er its bosom, and murmurs
 away;

And bright is the beam which upsprings
from day's fountain,
And breaks o'er the East in its golden
array !

2 And lovely the riv'let incessantly flowing,
Which winds gently murm'ring its course
through the plain ;
And welcome the beacon which, faithfully
glowing,
Cheers the heart of the mariner toss'd on
the main.

3 But sweeter, my God, is thy voice of
compassion,
Which soft as the summer's dew falls on
the mind ;
Which whispers the tidings of life and sal-
vation,
And casts the dark shadows of sorrow be-
hind.

4 O yes ! I have known it, when, kindly and
cheering,
It hush'd the hoarse thunders of justice to
rest ;
It was heard, and the angel of mercy ap-
pearing,
Pour'd the balm of relief o'er the penitent's
breast.

- 5 And still may I hear it, while crossing
 life's ocean, [gale ;
Or borne on the billow, or breath'd in the
Enkindling the flame of expiring devotion,
And utt'ring the promise that never shall
 fail.
- 6 'Tis the still voice of Him who expir'd on
 the mountain,
And breath'd out for sinners his last dying
 groan ; [tain,
His voice who on Calvary open'd the foun-
Of water to cleanse, and of blood to atone.
- 7 That voice, O believer ! shall cheer and
 protect thee,
When the cold chill of death thy frail
 bosom invades ;
At its sound shall the Day-Star arise to
 direct thee,
And gild with refulgence the valley of
 shades.

ANON.

89. SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

- 1 THOU soft-flowing Kedron, by thy silver
 stream,
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's
 pale beam

Shone bright on the waters, would often-
times stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the
day !

Come saints, and adore him, come bow
at his feet ;
O give him the glory, the praise that is
meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens
the skies.

2 How damp were the vapours that fell on
his head !
How hard was his pillow ! how humble
his bed !
The angels astonish'd grew sad at the
sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn
delight.

Come saints and adore him, come bow
at his feet ;
O give him the glory, the praise that is
meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens
the skies.

- 3 O Garden of Olivet—dear honour'd spot
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be
forgot !
The theme most transporting to seraphs
above !
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of
love !

Come saints, and adore him, come bow
at his feet ;
O give him the glory, the praise that is
meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens
the skies.

ARIE DE FLEURY.

90. VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

O CHILD of sorrow, be it thine to know
That Scripture only is the cure of woe !
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road !
The soul, reposing on assur'd belief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song !

COWPER.

91. THE ORPHAN.



- 1 UPON my father's new clos'd grave
Deep lay the winter's snow :
Green, now, the grass waves o'er his head,
And tall the tomb-weeds grow.
- 2 Along life's road no parent's hand
My homeless footsteps led :
No mother's arm in sickness sooth'd,
And rais'd my throbbing head.
- 3 But other hearts, Lord ! thou hast warm'd
With tenderness benign ;
And in the stranger's eye I mark
The tear of pity shine.
- 4 The stranger's hand by thee is mov'd
To be the orphan's stay ;
And, better far, the stranger's voice
Hath taught us how to pray.
- 5 Thou putt'st a new song in our mouth,
A song of praise and joy ;
O may we not our lips alone,
But hearts, in praise employ !
- 6 To Him who little children took,
And in his bosom held,

And, blessing them with looks of love,
Their rising fears dispell'd :

7 To Him, while flow'rs bloom on the bank,
Or lambs sport on the lea ;
While larks with morning hymns ascend,
Or birds chaunt on the tree :

8 To Him let ev'ry creature join
In prayer, and thanks, and praise :
Infants, their little anthems lisp ;
Age, hallelujahs raise !

GRAHAM.

92. THE DYING INFANT.

1 " CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drown'd in woe ;
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances—let me go.

2 " See yon orient streak appearing !
Harbinger of endless day ;
Hark ! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away !

3 " Lately launch'd, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boist'rous flood ;
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

- 4 " Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest :
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.
- 5 " Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning toward their home :
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.
- 6 " There, my mother, pleasures centre—
Weeping, parting, care or woe,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
Morn advances—let me go.
- 7 " As thro' this calm, this holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death.
- 8 " Blessings endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart !
(Though no language yet possessing,)
Breathes my spirit ere we part.
- 9 " Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again his voice I hear :
Rise ! may every grace attend thee :
Rise ! and seek to meet me there."

CECIL.

93. THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.



- 1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heav'n's unfading mansions rise :
Built of pure and massy gold,
Strong and durable are they ;
Deck'd with gems of worth untold,
Subjected to no decay !
- 2 Glad within these blest abodes,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Emmanuel's love !
Once, indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears :
- 3 These, alas ! full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way ;
Oft on them the tempest blew,
Through the long, the cheerless day !
Oft their vileness they deplor'd,
Wills perverse and hearts untrue,

Griev'd they could not love their Lord,
Love him as they wish'd to do.

4 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak :
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never, weep again !

5 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark ! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
Happy spirits ! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find ;
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind !

6 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose ;
'There no cloud can intervene,
'There no angry tempest blows !
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest !

94. ANTICIPATION OF FUTURE HAPPINESS.



- 1 AH ! why this disconsolate frame ?
Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same,
A sun in the gloomiest day.
Though molten awhile in the fire,
'Tis only the gold to refine ;
And be it my simple desire,
Though suffering, not to repine.
- 2 What can be the pleasure to me,
Which earth in its fulness can boast ?
Delusive its vanities flee,
A flash of enjoyment at most !
And if the Redeemer could part,
For me, with his throne in the skies,
Ah ! why is so dear to my heart
What he in his wisdom denies ?
- 3 Though riches to others be giv'n,
Their corn and their vintage abound ;
Yet if I have treasure in heav'n,
Where should my affections be found ?
Why stoop for the glittering sands,
Which they are so eager to share,

Forgetting those wealthier lands
That form my inheritance there ?

4 Dear Jesus ! my feelings refine,
My truant affections recall :
Then, be there no fruit in the vine,
Deserted and empty the stall,
The long labour'd olive may die,
The field may no harvest afford ;
But, under the gloomiest sky,
My soul shall rejoice in the Lord !

5 Then let the rude tempest assail,
The blast of adversity blow :
The haven, though distant, I hail,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe ;
When safe on the beautiful strand,
I'll smile at the billows that foam,
Kind angels to hail me to land,
And Jesus to welcome me home.

MISS TAYLOR.

95. RESIGNATION.

1 SOON will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sorrow and of care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

- 2 Courage, my soul ! on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come ;
A thousand ways Jehovah has
To bring believers home.
- 3 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
From nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
Appointed were for me.
- 4 But Thou, my Shepherd, Friend and Guide,
Hast led me kindly on,
Taught me to rest my weary head
On Christ " the Corner-stone."
- 5 So comforted and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found them, as I walk'd by faith,
All messengers of love.
- 6 With silent and submissive awe
Adore a chast'ning God ;
Revere his judgments, trust his word,
And humbly kiss the rod.

MRS. COWPER.

96.GOD IS LOVE.

- 1 Oh ! child of grief, why weepest thou
Why droops thy sad and mournful brow ?

Why is thy look so like despair ?
What deep sad sorrow lingers there ?

2 Thou mourn'st perhaps for some one gone,
A friend, a wife, a little one ;
Yet mourn not, for thou hast above
A friend in God, and " God is love."

3 Was it remorse that laid thee low ?
Is it for sin thou mournest so ?
Surely thou bear'st a heavy grief ;
Yet, mourner, there is still relief.

4 There's One on high can pardon give,
Who gave his life that thou may'st live ;
Seek, then, for comfort from above,
Thy friend is God, and " God is love."

5 Has cold unkindness wounded thee ?
Does thy lov'd friend now from thee flee ?
O turn thy thoughts from earth to heav'n,
Where no such cruel wounds are giv'n.

6 In all the varying scenes of woe,
The lot of fallen man below ;
Still lift thy tearful eye above,
And hope in God, for " God is love."

7 Sweet is the thought—time flies apace—
This earth is not our resting-place ,
And sweet the promise of the Lord
To all who love his name and word.

- 8 Then, weeping pilgrim, dry thy tears ;
Comfort on ev'ry side appears ;
An eye beholds thee from above ;
The eye of God, and " God is love."

ANON.

97. CONTENTMENT.

- 1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.
- 2 In vain by reason and by rule,
We try to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.
- 4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ?" he said ;
" Then how canst thou complain ?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain !
- 5 If thou of murm'ring would'st be cur'd,
Compare thy griefs with mine ;

- 'Think what my love for thee endur'd,
And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well ;
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 In life my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day ;
At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."
- 8 Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repining spent,
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

COWPER.

98. LO ! WE HAVE LEFT ALL AND
FOLLOWED THEE !

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known ;

Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me :
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and reasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in ev'ry station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

G.

99. IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

- 1 THE grave is not a place of rest,
As unbelievers teach,
Where grief can never win a tear,
Nor sorrow ever reach.
- 2 The eye that shed the tear is closed,
The heaving breast is cold;

But that which suffers and enjoys,
No narrow grave can hold.

- 3 The mould'ring earth and hungry worm
The dust they lent may claim ;
But the enduring spirit lives
Eternally the same.

MISS CAROLINE FRY.

100. JOB'S COMPLAINT.

- 1 OF all my race there breathes not one,
To comfort or deplore me ;
Pain wakes a pulse in every bone,
And death is closing o'er me.
Still doth his lifted stroke delay,
Protracted tortures dooming,
I feel, ere life has pass'd away,
His very worm consuming.
- 2 Night spreads her mantle o'er the sky,
And all around are sleeping,
While I in tears of agony,
My restless couch am steeping.
I sigh for morn—the rising day
Awakes the earth to gladness ;
I turn with sick'ning soul away,—
It smiles upon my sadness.

- 3 Curs'd be that day,—in tempest wild,—
When first, with looks delighted,
My mother smil'd upon her child,
And felt her pangs requited !
Oh ! that, by human eye unseen,
I might have fled from sorrow ;
And been as though I had not been,—
As I would be to-morrow !
- 4 The light wave sparkling in the beam,
That trembles o'er the river,
A moment shed its quiv'ring gleam,
Then shuns the sight for ever :
So soft a ray can pleasure shed,
While secret snares surround it ;
So swift the faithless hope is fled,
Which wins the heart to wound it !
- 5 A crown of glory grac'd my brow,
Whole nations bent before me ;
Princes and hoary sires would bow,
To flatter and adore me.
To me the widow turn'd for aid,
And ne'er in vain address'd me :
For me the grateful orphan pray'd,
The soul of mis'ry bless'd me.
- 6 I rais'd the drooping wretch that pin'd,
In lonely anguish lying ;

Was balm unto the wounded mind,
And solace to the dying ;
Till one stern stroke of all my state,
Of all my bliss, bereft me ;
And I was worse than desolate,
For God himself had left me.

7 Ye, too, as life itself belov'd,
When all conspir'd to bless me,
I deem'd ye friends,—but ye have prov'd
The foes who most oppress me.
I could have borne the slave's rude scorn,
The wreck of all I cherish'd :
Had one,—but *one*,—remain'd to mourn
O'er me, when I too perish'd.

8 My children sleep in death's cold shade,
And nought can now divide them ;
Oh ! would the same wild storm had laid
Their wretched sire beside them ;
I had not then been doom'd to see
The loss of all who love me ;
Unbroken would my slumbers be,
Though none had wept above me.

9 All hope on earth for ever fled
A higher hope remaineth ;
E'en while his wrath is o'er me shed,
I know my Saviour reigneth.

The worm may waste this with'ring clay,
When flesh and spirit sever ;
My soul shall see eternal day,
And dwell with God for ever.

DALE.

101. BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

- 1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Dark tho' they seem, 'twere hard to find
A frown of anger there.
- 2 Yes, often has adversity
A richer boon bestow'd,
Has oft bequeath'd a purer joy,
Than all that men call good.
- 3 Our spirits, too, are closely bound
To earth's delusive toys ;
Poor baubles we are loth to leave
For everlasting joys.
- 4 It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth,
It needs that we be driv'n,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our joys in heav'n.
- 5 And what is sorrow, what is pain,
To that internal care,

That breaks the conscious heart for sin,
When sin is hated there ?

6 Kind, loving is the hand that strikes—
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.

7 He was a Man of Sorrows—He
Who lov'd and sav'd us thus ;
And shall the world, that frown'd on him,
Wear only smiles for us ?

8 No ; we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Saviour run ;
We must not find a resting-place,
Where he we love had none.

MISS CAROLINE FRY.

102.

WARNING.

~~~~~  
1 BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,  
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault :  
The grace of God alone holds *thee*, holds *all* ;  
Were that withdrawn, thou, too,  
would'st swerve and halt.

2 Send back the wand'rer to the Saviour's fold,—

That were an action worthy of a saint ;  
But not in malice let the crime be told,  
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

3 The Saviour suffers when his children slide ;

Then is his holy name by men blasphem'd !  
And he afresh is mock'd and crucified,  
Even by those his bitter death redeem'd.

4 Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke ;  
Feel as one member in another's pain ;  
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,

And mighty and eternal is thy gain !

EDMESTON

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### 103. ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP HEBER.

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1 GRIEF for the dead, what heart can e'er reprove,

The dead that die in righteousness and peace !

For oh ! fond hearts *will* bleed for those they love ;

Yet, let not sorrow rob thy soul of ease :—

- 2 For he whom death so suddenly cut  
    down,  
Was ripe for heaven, in grace's fullest  
    bloom ;  
Ah ! think that now he wears the golden  
    crown,  
And soon shall rise triumphant o'er the  
    tomb.
- 3 His course was glorious as the summer's  
    sun,  
When travelling in the greatness of his  
    might ;—  
A burning and a shining light he shone,  
Then set, to rise in everlasting light.
- 4 And now he beams amid the stars above,  
A radiant orb—no more to fade away ;  
But, circling, roll around the throne of  
    love,  
His burning course, thro' heaven's eter-  
    nal day.

WOOD.

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104. THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.  

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- 1 I PRAIS'd the earth, in beauty seen,  
With garlands gay of various green ;

I prais'd the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield :  
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,  
“ Our beauties are but for a day !”

- 2 I prais'd the sun, whose chariot roll'd  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
I prais'd the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer  
sky !

And moon and sun in answer said,  
“ Our days of light are numbered !”

- 3 O God ! O good beyond compare !  
If thus thy meaner works are fair !  
If thus thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be,  
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with  
thee !

BISHOP HEBER.

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105. PROVIDENCE.

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- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace :  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.



## 106. EVENING'S HARPING.



- 1 THE sun parts faintly from the wave,  
The moon and stars are beaming,  
The corpse is cover'd in the grave,  
And infants now are dreaming :  
But time conveys with rapid pow'r,  
Alike the sweetest, saddest hour !
- 2 The rain has shower'd, the bud has burst,  
The wind o'er ocean bellow'd ;  
Nature the birth of evening nurst,  
And thought my feelings mellow'd :  
O sacred Truth ! from heaven descend,  
Thou art my guardian and my friend !
- 3 I'll tune my harp—I'll strike its wires—  
My Saviour's praise to waken ;  
His love refines my warmest fires,  
And keeps my heart unshaken :  
And thus melodious chords arise,  
And tone my feelings for the skies.
- 4 Though living in the strength of health,  
Earth's noblest joys possessing ;  
In neither poverty nor wealth,  
Esteeming every blessing ;

I know not but the voice of time  
May call me soon to heav'n sublime !

- 5 But if uncall'd, yet sure at last,  
Even though with locks grown hoary,  
That sound will come, and when 'tis past,  
I shall awake in glory !  
O dear Redeemer ! give me grace,  
To fit me for that happy place !
- 6 Then, when the vault shall claim my dust,  
And God recall my spirit ;  
Eternal love will be my trust,  
Ensur'd by Jesus' merit :  
And the triumphant change restore  
My happiness for evermore !

PRIOR.

## 107.

## HAPPINESS.

- 1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name !  
Where's thy seat, O tell me where ?  
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
All cry out, " It is not here : "  
Not the wisdom of the wise,  
Can inform me where it lies :

Not the grandeur of the great,  
Can the bliss I seek create.

2 Object of my first desire,  
Jesus, crucified for me !  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in thee :  
Thee to praise, and thee to know,  
Constitute our bliss below !  
Thee to see, and thee to love,  
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,  
If thy presence thou deny :  
Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die :  
Source and giver of repose,  
Singly from thy smile it flows ;  
Peace and happiness are thine,  
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

4 Whilst I see thy love to me,  
Ev'ry object teems with joy ;  
Here, O may I walk with thee,  
Then into thy presence die !  
Let me but thyself possess,  
Total sum of happiness !  
Real bliss I then shall prove ;  
Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

TOPLADY.

## 108. SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.



- 1 LONG plung'd in sorrow, I resign  
My soul to that dear hand of thine,  
Without reserve or fear ;  
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,  
Or into smiles of glad surprise,  
Transform the falling tear !
- 2 My sole possession is thy love :  
In earth beneath, or heav'n above,  
I have no other store :  
And though with fervent suit I pray,  
And importune thee night and day,  
I ask thee nothing more.
- 3 My hours, with undiminish'd force  
And speed, pursue their destin'd course,  
Obedient to thy will ;  
Nor would I murmur at my doom,  
Tho' still a suff'rer from the womb,  
And doom'd to suffer still.
- 4 By thy command, where'er I stray,  
Sorrow attends me all my way,  
A never-failing friend ;

And if my suff'rings may augment  
Thy praise, behold me well content—  
Let sorrow still attend !

- 5 It costs me no regret, that she  
Who follow'd Christ, should follow me ;  
And though, where'er she goes,  
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,  
I love her, and extract a sweet  
From all my bitter woes.

GUION

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109. DEATH.

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- 1 How blest is the Christian, bereft  
Of all that could burthen his mind !  
How easy the soul that has left  
This wearisome body behind !  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see :  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.
- 2 This earth is affected no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;  
The war in the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again ;  
No anger henceforward, nor shame,  
Shall redden this innocent clay ;

Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanish'd away.

3 This languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;  
This quiet, immoveable breast,  
Is heav'd by affliction no more ;  
This heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain ;  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never shall flutter again.

4 The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Seal'd up in unbroken repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep ;  
The fountains can yield no supplies,  
These hollows from water are free :  
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
While bound in a prison I breathe,  
And still for deliverance pine,  
And press to the issues of death.  
What now with my tears I bedew,  
Prepare me, great God, to become :  
My spirit created anew,  
Ere I am consign'd to the tomb.

C. WESLEY

## 110. THE BETTER LAND.



1 I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;  
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;  
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore,—  
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle  
boughs ?

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

2 Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,  
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering  
seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange bright birds on their starry  
wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

3 Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of  
gold—  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret  
mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral  
strand—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better  
land ?

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

- 4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;  
Time doth not breathe on its faultless  
bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the  
tomb,  
It is there, it is there, my child !

MRS. HEMANS.

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### 111. VICTORY OVER DEATH AND THE WORLD.

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- 1 I'm going to leave all my sadness,  
I'm going to change earth for heaven ;  
There, there all is peace, all is gladness ;  
There pureness and glory are given.  
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen.



- 2 Friends, weep not in sorrow of spirit,  
But joy that my time here is o'er ;  
I go the good part to inherit,  
Where sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 The shadows of evening are fleeing,  
Morn breaks from the city of light—  
This moment day starts into being,  
Eternity bursts on my sight.
- 4 The first-born redeemed from all trouble,  
The Lamb that was slain, in the throng,  
Their ardour in praising redouble ;  
Breaks not on the ear their new song.
- 5 I'm going to tell their great story,  
To share in their transports of praise ;  
I'm going in garments of glory,  
My voice to unite with their lays.
- 6 Ye fetters corrupted, then leave me ;  
Thou body of sin, droop and die ;  
Pains of earth, cease ye ever to grieve me ;  
From you 'tis for ever I fly.  
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen.

CÆSAR MALAN.

## 112. THE POWER OF GOD.



- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,  
The winds obey his will ;  
He speaks, and in his heavenly height  
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
With threat'ning aspect roar ;  
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine ;  
Without his high behest,  
Ye shall not in the mountain pine  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
In distant peals it dies ;  
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,  
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations bend, in rev'rence bend,  
Ye monarchs wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate the God!

## PART II.

- 1 THE Lord our God is Lord of all,  
His station who can find ?  
I hear him in the waterfall !  
I hear him in the wind !
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,  
His face I cannot fly ;  
I see him in the evening cloud,  
And in the morning sky.
- 3 He lives, he reigns, in ev'ry land,  
From winter's polar snows,  
To where across the burning sand  
The blasting meteor glows.
- 4 He smiles, we live,—he frowns, we die—  
We hang upon his word :  
He rears his red right arm on high,  
And ruin bares his sword.
- 5 He bids his blasts the fields deform—  
Then, when his thunders cease,  
Sits as the ruler of the storm,  
And smiles the winds to peace !

H. K. WHITE.

## 113. DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

- 1 O THINK that, while you're weeping here,  
His hand a golden harp is stringing;  
And, with a voice serene and clear  
His ransom'd soul, without a tear,  
His Saviour's praise is singing!
- 2 And think that all his pains are fled,  
His toils and sorrows clos'd for ever;  
While He, whose blood for man was shed,  
Has placed upon his servant's head  
A crown that fadeth never!
- 3 And think that, in that awful day,  
When darkness sun and moon is shading:  
The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,  
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,  
Shall rise to life unfading!
- 4 Then weep no more for him who's gone  
Where sin and suff'ring ne'er shall enter  
But on that great High Priest alone,  
Who can for guilt like ours atone,  
Your own affections centre!

- 5 For thus, while round your lowly bier  
 Surviving friends are sadly bending,  
 Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,  
 Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,  
 Faith lightest pinions lending.
- 6 And thus, when to the silent tomb  
 Your lifeless dust like his is given,  
 Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,  
 That yet again, in youthful bloom,  
 That dust shall smile in heaven!

DR. HUIE.

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# 114. DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRIS- TIAN.

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- 1 O GRIEVE not for him with the wildness  
 of sorrow,  
 As those who in hopeless despondency  
 weep : [borrow,  
 From God's holy word consolation we  
 For souls who in Jesus confidingly sleep.
- 2 Lament not your lov'd one, but triumph  
 the rather, [Lamb ;  
 To think of the promise, the pray'r of the  
 "Your joy shall be full," and "I will, oh,  
 my Father!

That those whom thou giv'st me may be  
where I am."

- 3 His own sacred lip the assurance hath  
given ;

Believe on your God, on your Saviour  
believe ;

I go to prepare you a mansion in heaven,  
And, quickly returning, my own will re-  
ceive.

- 4 And was it not so with your darling  
when saying,

The gate would unclose, and the Saviour  
appear ? [ing

Like Stephen, the glory of Jesus survey.  
He breath'd out his spirit with " Lord, I  
am here."

- 5 And where is that spirit ? washed white  
in the fountain,

Presented unblamably pure at the throne ;  
The love and the mercy of Jesus recount  
ing, [own

To souls that are dwelling in joy like hi

- 6 In rapture unsated, in glory unclouded,  
He rests before God with the angels c  
light ; [now shrouded

Till the form in corruption and darknes  
Shall rise at the trump, with the soul t  
unite.

- 7 Refin'd from all grossness, and purg'd  
from its leaven,  
Its sins blotted out, and its sorrows all  
fled,  
Made meet for a bright habitation in  
heaven,  
O! who would not rest with the justified  
dead?
- 8 Nay, weep not for him—for the flower of  
the morning—  
So dear to your bosom, so fair in your  
eyes;  
But weep for the souls unbelievably  
scorning  
The counsel and truth of the “God only  
wise.”
- 9 He came to the cross when his young  
cheek was blooming,  
And rais'd to the Lord the bright glance  
of his eye;  
And when o'er its beauty death's dark-  
ness was glooming,  
The cross did uphold him, the Saviour  
was nigh.
- 10 I saw the black pall o'er his relics ex-  
tended,  
I wept, but they were not the tear-drops  
of woe:

The pray'r of my soul that in fervour  
ascended,  
Was, " Lord, when thou callest, like him  
may I go." ANON.

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### 115. THE AGED PATRIARCH.

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Of life's past woes the fading trace,  
Hath given that aged patriarch's face,  
Expression holy, deep, resign'd,  
The calm sublimity of mind.  
Years o'er his snowy head have past,  
And left him of his race the last,  
Alone on earth, but yet his mien  
Is bright with majesty serene ;  
And those high hopes, whose guiding star  
Shines from eternal worlds afar,  
Have with that light illumed his eye  
Whose fount is immortality ;  
And o'er his features pour'd a ray  
Of glory, not to pass away.  
He seems a being who hath known  
Communion with his God alone,  
On earth by nought but pity's tie,  
Detain'd a moment from on high,  
One to sublimer worlds allied,  
One from all passions purified,  
E'en now half mingled with the sky  
And all prepared, oh ! not to die,



But like the prophet, to aspire  
In heaven's triumphal car of fire !

MRS. HEMANS.

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## 116. THE REDEEMED IN HEAVEN.

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- 1 LIFT up your eyes of faith, and see  
Saints and angels joined in one ;  
What a countless company  
Meet before yon dazzling throne !  
Each before his Saviour stands,  
All in milk-white robes array'd ;  
Palms they carry in their hands,  
Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Saints, begin the endless song,  
Cry aloud in heav'nly lays ;  
Glory doth to God belong ;  
God, the glorious Saviour, praise :  
All salvation from him came ;  
Him, who reigns enthron'd on high ;  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,  
Let the morning stars reply.
- 3 Angel powers the throne surround,  
Next the saints in glory they ;  
Lull'd with the transporting sound,  
They their silent homage pay :

Prostrate on their face before  
God and his Messiah fall ;  
Then in hymns of praise adore,  
Shout the Lamb, who died for all.

- 4 Be it so, they all reply,  
Him let all our orders praise ;  
Him that did for sinners die,  
Saviour of the favour'd race.  
Render we our God his right,  
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and pow'r ;  
Honour, majesty, and might ;  
Praise him, praise him evermore.

WESLEY.

117.

## FAITH.

- 
- 1 My Father knows my feeble frame,  
He knows how poor a worm I am ;  
Untold he knows it all :  
The least temptation serves to draw  
My footsteps from my Father's law,  
And make me slide and fall.
- 2 Of this I give him daily proof,  
And yet he does not cast me off,  
But owns me still as his ;  
He spares, he pities, he forgives  
The most rebellious child that lives,  
So great his patience is.

- 3 And shall I then a pretext draw,  
Again to violate his law?  
My soul revolts at this :  
I'll love, and wonder, and adore,  
And beg that I may sin no more  
Against such love as his.
- 4 O love divine ! eternal source  
Of good to man ! I mark thy course,  
I mark it with delight ;  
To Bethlehem I follow thee,  
And there the wondrous Babe I see,—  
A cheering, glorious sight.
- 5 I trace thee thence to Calvary,  
And there the " Man of Sorrows" see,  
His body bath'd in blood ;  
The stream I follow'd from its source,  
Now pours with a resistless force,  
A rapid swelling flood.
- 6 Its waters health and healing bring,  
They make the waste rejoice and sing,  
Their progress thus we trace ;  
They pour their virtues through the earth,  
They fill the world with sacred mirth,  
And gladden ev'ry place.

## 118. MAN HONoured ABOVE ANGELS.



- 1 Now let us join with hearts and tongues,  
And emulate the angels' songs ;  
Yea, sinners may address their King,  
In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,  
But we can add a higher strain,  
Not only say, " he suffered thus,"  
But that " he suffered all for us."
- 3 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,  
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die ;  
And still he makes it his abode ;  
As man, he fills the throne of God.
- 4 Our next of kin, our brother now,  
Is he to whom the angels bow ;  
They join with us to praise his name,  
But *we* the nearest interest claim.
- 5 But ah ! how faint our praises rise !  
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
That we who share his richest love,  
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.
- 6 Oh ! glorious hour, it comes with speed,  
When we, from sin and darkness freed,  
Shall see his face, who died for man,  
And praise him more than angels can.

NEWTON.

119.

## NEW YEAR.



- 1 SPAR'D through grace another year,  
Good it is to praise the Lord ;  
Good to meet our Saviour here,  
Good his mercies to record.
- 2 Foes we have, unseen and seen,  
Foes too strong for us to meet ;  
But the Lord our strength has been,  
And our foes have found defeat.
- 3 When our foes we greatly fear'd,  
When we seem'd an easy prey ;  
Then it was the Lord appear'd,  
Then he drove our foes away.
- 4 Then he seem'd to ask us why,  
When the foe appear'd in view,  
We should fear, and he so nigh,  
We should doubt, and he so true ?
- 5 Saviour, all our sins forgive,  
Make us what we ought to be ;  
Let us by thy mercy live,  
And in heav'n thy glory see.

KELLY.

## 120. ON A SLEEPING BOY.



- 1 SLEEP ! and while slumber weighs thine  
    eyelids down,  
May no dread phantom o'er thy pillow  
    frown,  
But brightest visions deck thy tranquil  
    bed,  
And angel's wing o'ercanopy thy head.  
Sleep on, sweet boy, may no dark dream  
    arise,  
To mar thy rosy rest, thou babe of Pa-  
    radise !
- 2 See where the glowing hands are closely  
    prest,  
As when from prayer he softly sunk to  
    rest ;  
Mark, how with half closed lips and che-  
    rub smile,  
He looks as still he prayed and slept the  
    while.  
Yet, yet they seem as if they whispered  
    praise,  
For all the blessings of his halcyon  
    days.

- 3 Bid, O Almighty Father, God, and friend,  
Religion's glories on his steps attend,  
To shine through all the dreary storms  
of life,  
A splendid beacon o'er this world of strife.  
And when to thee recall'd he sinks in  
death,  
May prayer and praise still bless his  
parting breath!

SIR T. E. CROFT.

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121. SONG OF A CAPTIVE JEW  
IN BABYLON.

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- 1 LET the proud veil of darkness be roll'd  
from before thee,  
O Lord! and descend on the wing of  
the storm :  
Dispers'd, or enslav'd, are the saints that  
adore thee,  
And the rude hands of strangers thy  
temple deform.
- 2 And Salem, our Salem, lies low and de-  
graded,  
While far from her ruins in exile we  
pine ;

Yet still is the hope of thy remnant unfaded—

The hand that implants it, Jehovah, is thine.

3 Alas! we were warn'd, but we reck'd not the warning,

Till our warriors grew weak in the day of despair:

And our glory was fled as the light cloud of morning,

That gleams for a moment, and melts into air.

4 As the proud heathens trampled o'er Zion's sad daughter,

She wept tears of blood o'er her guilt and her woe;

For the voice of her God had commission'd the slaughter,

The rod of his vengeance had pointed the blow.

5 Though foul are the sins, oh thou lost one! that stain'd thee, [away;

The blood of atonement can wash them  
Tho' galling and base are the bonds that enchain thee,

The God who impos'd them can lighten the sway.



- 6 For a star yet shall rise o'er the darkness  
    of Judah,  
    A branch yet shall flourish on Jesse's  
    proud stem :  
And Zion shall triumph o'er those that  
    subdu'd her,  
Yea, triumph in giving a Saviour to  
    them !

DALE.

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## 122. THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE.

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- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,  
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow suff'rer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains,

And still remembers in the skies,  
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r  
To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

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## 123. TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.

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1 PARTING soul ! the flood awaits thee,  
And the billows round thee roar :  
Yet look on—the crystal city  
Stands on yon celestial shore !  
There are crowns and thrones of glory,  
There the living waters glide ;  
There the just, in shining raiment,  
Wander by Emmanuel's side.

2 Linger not—the stream is narrow,  
Though its cold dark waters rise ;  
He who pass'd the flood before thee,  
Guides thy path to yonder skies :  
Hark ! the sound of angels hymning  
Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear :

See! the walls and golden portals  
Through the mist of death appear.

3 Soul, adieu—this gloomy sojourn  
Holds thy captive feet no more;  
Flesh is dropt, and sin forsaken,  
Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.  
Thro' the tears thy friends are shedding,  
Smiles of hope serenely shine;  
Not a friend remains behind thee,  
But would change his lot for thine.

EDMESTON.

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124. 'NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.'

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1 SAY why should friendship grieve for those  
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?  
Releas'd from all their hurtful foes,  
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth  
Their fainting spirits number'd o'er!  
Now they enjoy a heav'nly birth,  
They are not lost—but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
And sweet the strain which angels pour;  
O why should we in anguish weep?  
They are not lost—but gone before.

- 4 Secure from ev'ry mortal care,  
By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,  
Eternal happiness they share,  
Who are not lost—but gone before.
- 5 To Zion's peaceful courts above,  
In faith triumphant may we soar,  
Embracing in the arms of love  
The friends not lost—but gone before.
- 6 On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,  
And hear the swelling waters roar,  
Jesus, convey us safely home,  
To friends not lost—but gone before.

ANON

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## 125. MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

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- 1 WHEN restless on my bed I lie,  
Still courting sleep which still will fly,  
Then shall reflection's brighter pow'r  
Illume the long and midnight hour.
- 2 If hush'd the breeze and calm the tide,  
Soft will the stream of memory glide,  
And all the past, a gentle train,  
Wak'd by remembrance, live again.
- 3 Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,  
Belov'd till life's last throb shall cease,

Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth,  
A future bliss unknown on earth.

His faithful counsel, tender care,  
Unwearied love, and humble pray'r ;  
O these still claim the grateful tear,  
And all my drooping courage cheer.

If loud the wind, the tempest high,  
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,  
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,  
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,  
O mark my trembling soul, and save ;  
Give to my view that harbour near,  
Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

NOEL.

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## 26. LOOKING TO CHRIST.

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WHILE some despise all self-control,  
And seek the joys that wound the soul ;  
Be mine that silent, calm repast,  
A peaceful conscience to the last.

'That tree which bears immortal fruit,  
Without a canker at the root ;  
That Friend who never fails the just,  
While other friends desert their trust.

- 3 With this companion through the shade,  
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;  
And if my Saviour here were found,  
All Eden's bloom shall smile around.
- 4 Had I a firm and lasting faith,  
To credit all his promise saith,  
Cheerful I'd meet the midnight gloom,  
And the pale regions of the tomb.
- 5 Though tempests drive me from the shore  
And floods descend and billows roar;  
Though death appear'd in ev'ry form,  
My little bark should brave the storm.
- 6 Amidst these various scenes of ills,  
Each wound some kind design fulfils ;  
And shall I murmur at my God,  
When changeless love directs the rod ?
- 7 Peace, rebel thoughts ! I'll not complain  
My father's smiles suspend my pain ;  
Smiles that a thousand joys impart,  
And pour the balm that heals the heart.
- 8 Though heav'n afflicts, I'll not repine ;  
Each real comfort still is mine ;  
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,  
And journey with me through the vale.
- 9 Saviour ! O smooth that rugged way,  
And lead me to the realms of day ;  
To milder skies and brighter plains,  
Where everlasting sunshine reigns !

## 127. OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.



- 1 O THOU by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide ;  
My Lord, how full of sweet content  
I pass my years of banishment.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impress'd with sacred love !  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee ;  
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time,  
My country is in ev'ry clime ;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none ;  
But with my God to guide my way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful thought ;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

128. ON THE DEATH OF AN  
INFANT DAUGHTER.

1 SWEET babe, she glanc'd into our world  
to see  
A sample of our misery,  
Then turn'd away her languid eye  
To drop a tear or two and die.  
Sweet babe, she tasted of life's bitter cup,  
Refus'd to drink the potion up !  
But turn'd her little head aside,  
Disgusted with the taste, and died.  
Sweet babe, she listen'd for a while to hear  
Our mortal griefs, then turn'd her ear  
To angels' harps and songs, and cried—  
To join their notes celestial, sighed and  
died.

2 Sweet babe no more, but seraph now,  
Before the throne behold her bow,  
To heav'nly joys her spirit flies,  
Blest in the triumph of the skies,  
Adores the grace that brought her there  
Without a wish—without a care,  
That wash'd her soul in Calv'ry's stream,  
That shorten'd life's distressing dream.



Short pain—short grief—dear babe, was  
thine,

Now joys eternal and divine.

3 Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome  
sing,

Thine infant spirit soars on angels' wing ;  
Our dark affection should have hop'd thy  
stay,

The voice of God has call'd *His* child away  
Like Samuel early in the temple found,  
Sweet Rose of Sharon, plant of holy  
ground,

Oh ! more than Samuel blest, to thee 'tis  
given,

The God he serv'd on earth, to serve in  
Heaven.

CUNNINGHAM.

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## 129.      RISING TO GOD.

1 Now let our souls on wings sublime,  
Rise from the vanities of time ;  
Draw back the parting veil, and see  
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,  
Why should we grovel here on earth ?

Why grasp at transitory toys,  
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?

- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
When we are walking back to God ;  
For strangers unto life we come,  
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large,  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;  
And the sweet expectation now,  
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

GIBBONS.

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### 130. JEWISH SOCIETY.

ON this labour of love may a blessing at-  
tend ;  
May the Shepherd of Israel his Salem be-  
friend ;  
And hasten that period, by prophets fore-  
told,  
When the stragglers of Judah shall rest  
in his fold.

- 2 For surely the time is approaching when  
    HE  
Will set, in his love, the law's prisoners  
    free;  
And send them to feed in the ways of his  
    grace,  
And find them a pasture in ev'ry high  
    place.
- 3 Behold, they shall come from afar at his  
    word,  
Which alike in the north and the west  
    shall be heard ;  
His uplifted standard shall Sinim's land  
    see,  
And a light to the Gentiles his people  
    shall be.
- 4 Awaken, O Zion, and put on thy strength,  
And array thee in beautiful garments at  
    length :  
Shake thyself from the dust with the  
    might of the strong,  
And cast off the bands which have bound  
    thee so long.
- 5 The sons of the strangers thy walls shall  
    rebuild,  
Thy gates shall be open, thy courts shall  
    be fill'd ;

God once smote thee in anger, but now  
thou shalt see  
That HE, in his favour, hath mercy on  
thee.

- 6 The Lord, in his glory, upon thee shall  
rise ;  
The Gentiles shall come to thy light with  
surprise ;  
And their kings shall rejoice thy bright  
rising to greet,  
When God shall make glorious the place  
of his feet.
- 7 Then shall ye, poor wand'ers, no longer  
roam wide,  
For a greater than Moses your footsteps  
shall guide ;  
Not unto the mount, where the trumpet  
once sounded,  
With blackness, and darkness, and tem-  
pest surrounded ;
- 8 But unto mount Zion, the city of God,  
The courts of whose temples by angels are  
trod ;  
To the church of the first-born, recorded  
above,  
And the spirits of just men, made perfect  
by love ;

- 9 And to Him, whose new priesthood shall  
ever endure,  
More pow'rful than Aaron's, more holy,  
more pure ;  
Who needeth not daily oblations to make,  
Having offer'd up freely himself for your  
sake.
- 10 If the judgments of God on your fathers  
went forth,  
Who were deaf unto him that spake only  
on earth,  
O refuse not the boon which would surely  
be giv'n,  
Nor turn ye from Him who now speaketh  
from Heav'n.

BARTON.

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### 131. THE EVENING CLOUD.

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A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson ting'd its braided snow ;  
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below :  
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,  
Ev'n in its very motion there was rest,

While ev'ry breath of eve that chanc'd to  
blow,

Wafted the trav'ller to the beauteous west.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss  
is giv'n,

And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gates of  
heav'n ;

Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

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## 132. UNION OF CHRISTIANS.

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- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,  
In union sweet, according minds !  
How swift the heav'nly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes  
are one.
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !  
What zealous love, what holy fear !  
How doth the generous flame within  
Refine from earth, and guard from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and mortal woe !  
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

- 4 Together both they seek the place  
Where God reveals his gracious face :  
How high, how strong their raptures  
swell,  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,  
When nature drops her sick'ning fire ;  
Then shall they meet in realms above,  
A heav'n of joy, because of love.

MRS. BARBAULD.

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### 133. THE PARTING SPIRIT.

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- 1 FAREWELL, thou vase of splendour,  
I need thy light no more :  
No brilliance dost thou render  
The world to which I soar.
- 2 Nor sun nor moonbeam brightens  
Those regions with a ray,  
But God himself enlightens  
Their one eternal day.
- 3 Farewell, sweet nature ! waving  
With fruits and flow'rets fair ;  
Of these but little craving  
Of what thou well canst spare,—

- 4 Only an earthly pillow  
To bear my death-cold head ;  
And the turf and drooping willow  
To deck my lowly bed.
- 5 The world to which I'm going  
Has fairer fruit than thine,  
Life's river's ever flowing,  
And skies that ever shine.
- 6 Farewell, each dearest union  
That bless'd my earthly hours ;  
We yet shall hold communion  
In amaranthine bowers.
- 7 The love that seems forsaken  
When friends in death depart,  
In heav'n again shall waken,  
And repossess the heart.
- 8 The harps of heav'n steal o'er me,  
I see the jasper wall,—  
Jesus, who pass'd before me,  
And God, the Judge of all !
- 9 So sang the parting spirit,  
While round flow'd many a tear,  
Then spread her wings t' inherit  
Her throne in yonder sphere.



## 134.

## LOVE OF GOD.



OH ! never, never canst thou know  
What then for thee the Saviour bore,  
The pangs of that mysterious woe  
That wrung his frame at ev'ry pore,  
The weight that press'd upon his brow,  
The fever of his bosom's core !

Yes ! man for man perchance may brave  
The horrors of the yawning grave ;  
And friend for friend, or child for sire,  
Undaunted and unmov'd expire,  
From love—or piety—or pride.  
But who can die as Jesus died ?

A sweet but solitary beam,  
An emanation from above,  
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream,—  
We hail that beam, and call it Love !  
But fainter than the pale star's ray  
Before the noontide blaze of day,  
And lighter than the viewless sand  
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,  
Is all of love that man can know,—  
All that in angel-breasts can glow,—  
Compar'd, O Lord of Hosts ! with thine,  
Eternal—fathomless—divine !

That love, whose praise, with quenchless  
fire,  
Inflames the blest seraphic choir ;  
Where perfect rapture reigns above,  
And love is all—for THOU art Love !

DALE.

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135. UNION OF CHRISTIANS.  

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- 1 OUR earthly ties are weak,  
Whereon we dare not rest ;  
For time dissolves, and death will break  
The sweetest and the best.  
Yet there's a tie which must remain,  
Which time and death assault in vain.
- 2 The kindred links of life are bright,  
Yet not so bright as those  
In which Christ's favour'd friends unite,  
And each on each repose ;  
Where all the hearts in union cling  
With Him, the centre and the spring.
- 3 The friends of Jesus, join'd to think  
With one desire and aim,  
A chain, wherein link answers link,  
A heav'nly kindred claim.  
And oh ! how sweet, wherein each mind  
A throb to echo theirs they find.

4 Though lovely many an earthly flow'r,  
 Its beauty fades and flies ;  
 But they unchanging form a bow'r,  
 To bloom in Paradise.

Sprung from the true immortal vine,  
 In Him they live, and round him twine.

5 Their bond is not an earthly love,  
 By nature's fondness nurs'd ;  
 As they love him who reigns above,  
 Because he lov'd them first ;  
 So they all minor ties disown,  
 The sweetest—for his sake alone.

ANON.

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136. ON HAPPINESS.

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1 TRUE happiness is not the growth of  
 earth ; [there :  
 The search is useless if you seek it  
 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,  
 And only blossoms in celestial air.

2 Sweet plant of paradise ! its seed is sown  
 In here and there a plant of heavenly  
 mould ;  
 It rises slow and buds, but ne'er was meant  
 To blossom here—the climate is too  
 cold.



Draws lightning down upon the head  
It promis'd to defend.

4 But thou art true, incarnate Lord !  
Who did'st vouchsafe for man to die ;  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify.

5 I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee ;  
And peace was giv'n—nor peace alone,  
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy.

WORDSWORTH.

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139. " ANGELS SENT TO MINISTER."

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1 AND is there care in heaven? and is  
there love  
In heav'nly spirits to these creatures  
base,  
That may compassion of their evils  
move?  
There is ; else much more wretched  
were the case  
Of men than beasts. But oh the ex-  
ceeding grace

Of highest God ! that loves his crea-  
tures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth  
embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man,—to serve his  
wicked foe.

- 2    How oft do they their silver bowers  
      leave,  
      To come to succour us, that succour  
      want !  
How oft do they with golden pinions  
      cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuiv-  
      ants  
Against fowle fiends to ayd us militant.  
They for us fight, they watch and  
      dewly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round a-  
      bout us plant ;  
And all for love, and nothing for re-  
      ward :  
Oh ! why should heav'nly God to man  
      have such regard !

SPENSER.

## 140. GRAVE OF A CHRISTIAN.



- 1 THERE is a spot—a lovely spot,  
Embosom'd in a valley's dell ;  
The eye of splendour marks it not,  
Nor trav'lers of its beauties tell.
- 2 The hazel forms a green bow'r there ;  
Beneath, the grassy cov'ring lies ;  
And forest flowers surpassing fair,  
Mingle their soft and lovely dyes.
- 3 Morn decks the spot with many a gem,  
And the first break of eastern ray  
Lights up a spark in each of them,  
That seems to hail the op'ning day.
- 4 When first that beam of morning breaks,  
The fancy here a smile may see,  
Like that when first the saint awakes  
At dawn of immortality.
- 5 The free birds love to seek the shade,  
And here they sing their sweetest lays :  
Meet requiem !—He who there is laid,  
Breath'd his last dying voice in praise.
- 6 And here the villager will stray,  
What time his daily work is done,

When ev'ning sheds the western ray  
Of sweet departing summer sun.

7 On lovely lips his name is found,  
And simple hearts yet hold him dear;  
The PATRIARCH of the village round,—  
The PASTOR of the chapel near.

8 The holy cautions that he gave,—  
The pray'rs he breath'd—the tears he  
wept,—  
Yet linger here, though in his grave,  
Through many a year the saint has  
slept.

9 And oft the villager has said,—  
“ O I remember, when a child,  
“ He plac'd his hand upon my head,  
“ And bless'd me then, and sweetly  
smil'd.

10 “ 'Twas he that led me to my God,  
“ And taught me to obey his will;  
“ The holy path which he has trod,  
“ Oh ! be it mine to follow still.”

11 GRAVE OF THE RIGHTEOUS ! surely there  
The sweetest bloom of beauty is:  
Oh ! may I sleep in couch as fair,  
And with a hope as bright as his !

EDMESTON.



## 141. HEAVEN.



- 1 HAIL ! the heavenly scenes of peace,  
Where all the storms of passion cease ;  
Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er,  
The wearied spirit weeps no more—
- 2 But wears th' eternal smile of joy,  
Attaining bliss without alloy !  
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,  
Where no passing tempest lowers ;
- 3 Where the azure heavens display  
The everlasting beams of day ;  
Where the radiant seraph choirs  
Pour their strains from golden lyres ;
- 4 Where calm the spirit sinks to ease,  
Lull'd by angelic symphonies !  
O, then to think of meeting there  
The friends whose grave receiv'd our tear.
- 5 The child long lost, the wife bereav'd,  
Back to our widow'd arms receiv'd !  
And all the joys which death did sever,  
Given to us again for ever !
- 6 O, Lamb of God, by sorrow prov'd  
The Friend of man, the Christ belov'd,

To thee this sweetest hope we owe,  
Which warms our shiv'ring hearts below,

H. K. WHITE.

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142. THE DAYS OF THY MOURN-  
ING SHALL BE ENDED.

---

OH! weep not for the joys that fade  
Like ev'ning lights away—  
For hopes that, like the stars decay'd,  
Have left thy mortal day ;  
For clouds of sorrow will depart,  
And brilliant skies be giv'n ;  
And though on earth the tear may start,  
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart  
Amid the bowers of heav'n.

Oh! weep not for the friends that pass  
Into the lonesome grave,  
As breezes sweep the wither'd grass  
Along the restless wave ;  
For though thy pleasures may depart,  
And darksome days be giv'n,—  
And lonely though on earth thou art,  
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart  
When friends rejoin in heaven.

143. ON HEARING THE CLOCK STRIKE  
TWELVE AT NIGHT, DECEMBER 31st.

~~~~~

- 1 KNELL of departed years,
 Thy voice is sweet to me ;
It wakes no sad foreboding fears,
Calls forth no sympathetic tears,
 Time's restless course to see ;
 From hallow'd ground
 I hear the sound
Diffusing through the air a holy calm
 around.
- 2 Thou art the voice of *Love* ;
 To chide each doubt away ;
And as the murmur faintly dies,
Visions of past enjoyments rise
 In long and bright array :
 I hail the sign,
 That love divine
Will o'er my future path in cloudless
 mercy shine.
- 3 Thou art the voice of *Hope* ;
 The music of the spheres—
A song of blessings yet to come,
A herald from my future home,
 My soul delighted hears :

By sin deceived,
By nature grieved,
Still am I nearer rest than when I first
believed.

- 4 Thou art the voice of *Life*;
 A sound which seems to say,
O prisoner in this gloomy vale,
Thy flesh shall faint, thy heart shall fail;
Yet fairer scenes thy spirit hail,
 That cannot pass away;
 Here, grief and pain
 Thy steps detain,
There, in the image of the Lord, shalt
thou with Jesus reign.

ANON.

144. A SUMMER'S EVENING.

- 1 How fine has the day been, how bright
 was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he
 run!
Though he rose in a mist, when his race
 he began,
And there follow'd some droppings of
 rain.
But now the fair traveller's come to the
 west,

His rays are all gold, and his beauties are
best ; [rest,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his
And foretels a bright rising again.

- 2 JUST SUCH IS THE CHRISTIAN ! his course
he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns
for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out
and shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his
race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer
in grace, [days,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his
Of rising in brighter array. WATTS.
-

145. ANGELS' VISITS.

O MAY thy angels, while I sleep,
Around my bed their vigils keep
Their love angelical instil,
Stop every avenue of ill,
May thy celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse.
BISHOP KENN.

146. THY BROTHER SHALL RISE AGAIN.

Lines written on a Christian Minister who had wandered into error.

~~~~~

- 1 COME, O Jesus ! strong to save,  
Seek with us our brother's grave ;  
Death is o'er his features spread,  
Darkness veils his drooping head ;  
Must our prayers and tears be vain ?  
Tell us, " he shall rise again !"
- 2 We have heard him speak of Thee,  
Till we felt from sin set free,  
Till the message from above  
Drew our hearts to seek thy love :  
Why should death those lips enchain ?  
Bid them yet uncloset again.
- 3 Lord ! we know that he shall rise,  
When thy trumpet from the skies  
Tells the ungodly world their doom,  
And thy people summons home ;  
But, lest foes thy power arraign,  
HERE, oh let him rise again !
- 4 Thou at first didst life bestow,  
And, with life, thy goodness show ;  
Tho' the enemy prevail,  
And thy glorious work assail,

Still o'er death assert thy reign,  
Snatch his awful prey again !

5 Thou hast said, dear Lord, that we,  
Faithful, should thy glory see ;  
We thy saving power believe,  
In thy hands our brother leave ;  
We have sought thee not in vain,  
Thou wilt bid him rise again !

6 We this grave have wept beside,  
Thou hast for its prisoner DIED !  
And we claim thy word divine,  
Ne'er thy ransom'd to resign ;  
Thou couldst never bleed in vain,  
He must rise and live again !

7 Yet once more that well-known voice  
Shall thy waiting flock rejoice,  
Shall thy wondrous love record,  
To a sinner twice restored :  
While we raise the grateful strain,  
“ He was dead, and lives again !”

ANON.

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147. THE BEACON.

---

1 THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,  
Than if day in its pride had array'd it ;

The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-  
arch'd sky

Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it.

2 The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd  
On the shadowy waves' playful motion :  
From the dim distant isle till the beacon-  
fire blaz'd,

Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

3 No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast  
Was heard in his wildly-breath'd numbers ;  
The sea-bird has flown to her wave-girdled  
nest,

The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

4 I sigh'd as I look'd from the hills' gentle  
slope ;

All hush'd was the billows' commotion :

And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely  
as hope,

That star of life's tremulous ocean.

5 The time is long past, and the scene is afar,  
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star  
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.

6 In life's closing hour, when the trembling  
soul flies,

And death stills the heart's last emotion,



O then may the seraph of mercy arise,  
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

P. M. JAMES

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## 148. DEATH LEADS TO IMMORTALITY.

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DEATH's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God ;  
A port of calms, a state of ease  
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

As men who long in prison dwell,  
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,  
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,  
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun,—

Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,  
Have pious souls at parting hence.  
On earth, and in the body plac'd,  
A few and evil years they waste :

But, when their chains are cast aside,  
See the bright scene unfolding wide,  
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day.

PARNELL

## 149. IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.



- 1     METHINKS it is good to be here,  
      If thou wilt let us build—but for whom?  
      Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,  
      But the shadows of eve that encompass the  
                                gloom,  
      The abode of the dead, and the place of  
                                the tomb.
- 2     Shall we build to ambition? Ah! no;  
      Affrighted he shrinketh away;  
      For see! they would pin him below  
      To a small narrow cave, and begirt with  
                                cold clay,  
      To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a  
                                prey.
- 3     To beauty? Ah! no; she forgets  
      The charms that she wielded before:  
      Nor knows the foul worm that he frets  
      The skin which, but yesterday, fools could  
                                adore,  
      For the smoothness it held, or the tint  
                                which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,  
The trappings which dizen the proud?  
Alas! they are all laid aside,  
And here's neither dress nor adornment  
allow'd,  
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe  
of the shroud.

To riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,  
Who hid in their turns have been hid;  
The treasures are squander'd again;  
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,  
But the tinsel that shone on the dark  
coffin lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,  
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?  
Ah! here is a plentiful hoard,  
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful  
cheer,  
And none but the worm is reveller here.

Shall we build to affection and love?  
Ah! no; they have wither'd and died,  
Or fled with the spirit above—  
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side  
by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none have re-  
plied.



Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave  
Its virtues to that holy spring,—  
With earnest, fixed solitude,  
Were seen th' afflicted multitude.

2 Among them there was one, whose eye  
Had often seen the waters stirr'd,  
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,  
The bitter sigh of hope deferr'd ;  
Beholding, while he suffer'd on,  
The healing virtue given—and gone !

3 No power had he ; no friendly aid  
To him its timely succour brought ;  
But, while his coming he delay'd,  
Another won the boon he sought ;—  
Until the Saviour's love was shown,  
Which heal'd him by a word alone !

4 Had they who watch'd and waited there  
Been conscious who was passing by,  
With what unceasing, anxious care  
Would they have sought his pitying eye ;  
And craved, with fervency of soul,  
His sovereign power to make them whole.

5 But habit and tradition sway'd  
Their mind to trust to sense alone ;

They only sought the angel's aid ;  
 While in their presence stood, unknown,  
 A greater, mightier far, than he,  
 With power from grief and pain to free.

- 6 Bethesda's pool has lost its pow'r,  
 No angel by his glad descent,  
 Dispenses that diviner dow'r  
 Which with its healing waters went :  
 But He, whose word surpass'd its wave,  
 Is still omnipotent to save.

BARTON.

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## 151. THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

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- 1 O TELL me no more  
 Of this world's vain store ; [o'er.  
 The time for these trifles with me now is  
 A country I've found,  
 Where true joys abound :  
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy  
 ground.
- 2 The souls that believe,  
 In paradise live ;  
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.

My soul, dont delay,  
He calls thee away, [day.  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad

No mortal doth know  
What he can bestow, [ter him go.  
What light, strength, and comfort do af-  
So onward I move,  
And, but Christ above,  
None guesses how wondrous the journey  
will prove.

Great spoils I shall win,  
From death, hell, and sin, [within.  
'Midst outward afflictions, shall feel Christ  
Perhaps for his name,  
Poor dust as I am, [aim.  
Some works I shall finish with glad loving

I still (which is best,)  
Shall in his dear breast, [rest.  
As at the beginning, find pardon and  
And when I'm to die,  
Receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus has lov'd me I cannot tell why.

But this I do find,  
We two are so join'd, [behind.  
He'll not live in glory, and leave me  
Lo! this is the race,





And many a morning beam in tempest flies,  
And many a dew-drop shines a while and  
dies :

But oft'ner far the dream that fancy weaves,  
Of future joy and happiness, deceives.

And thou, pale mourner o'er an infant's  
bier,

Brighten thy cheek, and dry the trickling  
tear ;

This came, though veil'd in darkness, from  
above,

A dispensation of eternal love !

He who perceiv'd the dangerous control,

The heart-twin'd spell was gaining on thy  
soul,

Snatch'd from thine arms the treacherous  
decoy,

To give thee brighter hope and purer joy.

Oh ! see how soon the flow'rs of life decay,

How soon terrestrial pleasures fade away.

This star of comfort, for a moment giv'n,

Just rose on earth, then set to rise in heav'n.

Yet mourn not, as of hope bereft, its doom,

Nor water with thy tears its early tomb ;

Redeem'd by God from sin, releas'd from  
pain,

Its life were punishment, its death is gain.

Turn back thine eye along the path of life,  
View thine own grief, and weariness, and  
    strife ;

And say if that which tempts thee to repine  
Be not a happier lot by far than thine.

If death in infancy had laid thee low,  
Thou hadst escap'd from pain, and sin, and  
    woe ;

The years thy soul the path of sorrow trod,  
Had all been spent in converse with thy  
    God ;

And thou hadst shone in yonder cloudless  
    sphere,

A seraph there, and not a pilgrim here.

O ! it is sweet to die,—to part from earth,—  
And win all heav'n for things of little worth.  
Then sure thou wouldst not, though thou  
    couldst, awake

The little slumb'rer for its mother's sake.  
It is when those we love in death depart,  
That earth has slightest hold upon the heart.  
Hath not bereavement higher wishes taught,  
And purified from earth thine earth-born  
    thought ?

I know it hath. Hope then appears more  
    dear,

And heaven's bright realms shine brightest  
    through a tear.

Though it be hard to bid thy heart divide,  
And lay the gem of all thy love aside,  
Faith tells thee, and it tells thee not in  
vain,

That thou shalt meet thine infant yet again.  
On seraph wings the new-born spirit flies,  
To brighter regions and serener skies ;  
And, ere thou art aware, the day may be  
When to those skies thy babe shall wel-  
come thee.

While yet on earth thine ever-circling arms  
Held it securest from surrounding harms,  
Yet even there disease could aim her dart,  
Chill the warm cheek, and stop the flut-  
t'ring heart ;

And many a fruitless tear-drop thou hast  
paid,  
To view the sickness that thou couldst not  
aid.

No ill can reach it now, it rests above,  
Safe in the bosom of celestial love :  
Its short but yet tempestuous way is o'er,  
And tears shall trickle down its cheek no  
more.

Then far be grief !—Faith looks beyond the  
tomb,  
And heav'n's bright portals sparkle through  
the gloom.

If bitter thoughts and tears in heav'n could be,  
It is thine infant that should weep for thee.

EDMESTON.

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153. PLEASURE NOT FOUND IN  
THE WORLD.

---

1 IN search of enjoyment I wander'd in vain,  
With a void in my bosom that nothing  
could fill ;

For mirth's gayest smile was succeeded  
by pain,

And the sweet cup of pleasure prov'd  
bitterness still.

The young days of fancy roll'd rapidly by,  
And I shrunk with dismay from the  
future's dark gloom,

Where the clay-fetter'd spirit must mourn  
till it die,

And man has no rest but the rest of  
the tomb.

2 And yet I have revell'd in hope's fairy  
dream,

And tasted the raptures of Love's pur-  
est bliss :

Delusive are both, though alluring they  
seem,

Like vapours that gleam o'er a hidden  
abyss.

The proud thirst of glory was mine from  
my birth, [display,

But what can *this* world to ambition  
Which grasps at the skies, but is bounded  
by earth—

A spirit of fire in a prison of clay?

3 And now I have heard of a nobler crown,  
A kingdom unfading, a glory divine;  
But the humble alone shall inherit the  
crown, [be mine?

And how shall that kingdom of glory  
Let my strength turn to weakness, my  
honour to shame,

The reproach of the cross be my EARTH-  
LY reward; [name,

All, all shall be welcome for one blessed  
The lowly disciple of Jesus the Lord.

DALE.

---

#### 154. DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

---

1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will  
not deplore thee,  
Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb,

Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal  
before thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide  
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer  
behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world  
by thy side :

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
enfold thee, [has died.  
And sinners may hope, since the sinless

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its man-  
sion forsaking, [long ;  
Perhaps thy tried spirit in fear linger'd  
But the sunshine of heav'n beam'd bright  
on thy waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was  
the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but we will  
not deplore thee,  
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guar-  
dian, and guide :  
He gave thee, and took thee, and he will  
restore thee,  
And death has no sting, for the Saviour  
hath died.

BISHOP HEBER.

155. LINES ON READING THE LIFE  
OF HENRY MARTYN.

---

- 1 Oh ! long is that life which endeavours to  
measure  
The depth of devotion the bosom in-  
spires,  
That, warm'd by the love of a perishing  
world,  
To publish the news of salvation aspires.
- 2 No hardships can daunt, no dangers alarm  
The servant of God on his perilous way ;  
He knows that an arm Almighty will  
shield him  
From the wind's piercing blast and the  
sun's scorching ray.
- 3 Though the bonds of affection unite him  
so closely  
With the friends who to him are the  
dearest and best,—  
Though he feel for his country with ar-  
dent emotion,  
And the patriot's spirit beat high in his  
breast ;

4 Yet these all he leaves, and surrenders for  
ever

The joys that his country and friends  
can afford ;

Henceforward he looks for his country in  
heav'n,

And finds a sure friend in Christ Jesus  
his Lord.

5 And such wert thou then, blessed servant  
of Jesus,

When death froze thy life-springs and  
wither'd thy bloom ;

When the tongue that proclaim'd once to  
poor dying sinners [tomb.

The cross of a Saviour, was laid in the

6 No friend stood beside thee to soothe thy  
last moments,

To soften thy pangs, or to close thy dim  
eye ;

No hand, in that hour, cared to smooth  
thy sick pillow,—

Thy couch was the earth, and thy cur-  
tain the sky.

7 No stone marks the spot where thine ashes  
are resting,—

No tear has e'er hallow'd thy cold lonely  
grave,—



But the wild warring winds whistle round  
thy bleak dwelling,  
And the fierce wint'ry torrent sweeps  
o'er't with its wave.

But the heavenly host sung their requiems  
o'er thee, [above ;  
And bore thee on high to the mansions  
Where, array'd all in white, and resplen-  
dent in glory,  
Thou reap'st the reward of thy zeal and  
thy love.

And Oh! may thy friends, as the deep sigh  
escapes them,  
While they think that their hopes, once  
so bright, are all fled,  
Remember with joy thy zeal—thy devotion,  
And press on with ardour where Mar-  
tyn has led.

T. M.

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56. THE SABBATH.

---

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thine house ;  
And own as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from the desert rise.

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,  
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;  
No tears shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes—  
No cares to break the long repose—  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun—  
But sacred, high, eternal noon ;
- 5 O long-expected day, begin ;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

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157. RACHEL WEEPING FOR HER  
CHILDREN.

---

- 1 O WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb,  
O Rachel, weep not so ;  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flow'r in heav'n shall blow.

- 2 Firstlings of faith, the murd'rer's knife  
Has miss'd its deadly aim ;  
The God for whom they give their life,  
For them to suffer came.
- 3 Though evil were their days and few,  
Baptiz'd in blood and pain :  
He knows them whom they never knew,  
And they shall live again.
- 4 O weep not o'er thy children's tomb,  
O Rachel, weep not so ;  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flow'r in heav'n shall blow.

BISHOP HEBER.

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158. NATIVITY.

---

- 1 For thou wert born of woman ! thou didst  
come,  
O Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,  
Not in thy dread omnipotent array ;  
And not by thunders strew'd  
Was thy tempestuous road ;  
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy  
way ;  
But thee, a soft and naked child,  
Thy mother, undefil'd,

In the rude manger laid to rest  
From off her virgin breast.

- 2 The heav'ns were not commanded to pre-  
pare

A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;  
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires  
on high ;

A single silent star  
Came wand'ring from afar,  
Gliding, uncheck'd and calm, along the  
liquid sky :

The Eastern Sages leading on,  
As at a kingly throne,  
To lay their gold and odours sweet  
Before thy infant feet.

- 3 The earth and ocean were not hush'd to  
hear .

Bright harmony from every starry sphere:  
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song

From all the cherub choirs,  
And seraph's burning lyres,  
Poured thro' the host of heav'n the charm-  
ed clouds along,

One angel troop the strain began,  
Of all the race of man,  
By simple shepherds heard alone,  
That soft Hosanna's tene.

And when thou didst depart, no car of  
flame  
To bear thee hence in lambient radiance  
came :  
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping  
plumes :  
Nor didst thou mount on high  
From fatal Calvary  
With all thine own redeem'd out-bursting  
from their tombs.  
For thou didst bear away from earth  
But one of human birth,  
The dying felon by thy side, to be  
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance  
break ;  
A little while the conscious earth did shake  
At that foul deed by her fierce children  
done,  
A few dim hours of day  
The world in darkness lay.  
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the  
cloudless sun :  
While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,  
Consenting to thy doom,  
Ere yet the white-rob'd Angel shone  
Upon the sealed stone.

- 6 And when thou didst arise, thou didst not  
stand  
With devastation in thy red right hand,  
Plaguing the guilty city's murd'rous crew;  
But thou didst haste to meet  
Thy mother's coming feet,  
And bear the words of peace unto the  
faithful few:  
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise  
Into thy native skies:  
Thy human form dissolv'd on high  
In its own radiancy.

MILMAN.

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### 159. THE THREE MOUNTS.

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- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see  
God descend in majesty,  
To proclaim his holy law,  
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious height I climb,  
In the too transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight,
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God in flesh made manifest

Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away:  
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

MONTGOMERY.

160.

PRAISE.

HARPS of eternity! begin the song;  
Redeem'd, and angel harps! begin to God,  
Begin the anthem ever sweet and new,  
While I extol him holy, just, and good.  
Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love!  
Eternal, uncreated, infinite!  
Unsearchable Jehovah! God of truth!  
Maker, upholder, governor of all:  
Thyself unmade, ungovern'd, unupheld.  
Mysterious more, the more display'd, where  
still  
Upon thy glorious throne thou sitt'st alone;  
Hast sat alone, and shall for ever sit  
Alone; invisible, immortal One!  
Behind essential brightness unbeheld.  
Incomprehensible! what weight shall  
weigh—

What measure measure Thee? what know  
we more

Of thee, what need to know, than thou  
hast taught,

And bidd'st us still repeat, at morn and even,  
God! everlasting Father! holy One!

Our God, our Father, our eternal all!

Source whence we came, and whither we  
return;

Who made the heaven, who made the  
flowery land.

Thy works all praise thee; all thy angels  
praise:

Thy saints adore, and on thy altars burn  
The fragrant incense of perpetual love.

They praise thee now: their hearts, their  
voices praise,

And swell the rapture of the glorious song.

Harp lift thy voice on high,—shout, angels,  
shout!

And loudest, ye redeem'd! glory to God,

And to the Lamb, who bought us with his  
blood,

From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;  
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our  
souls;

And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns  
Of life, and made us kings and priests to  
God.



Shout back to ancient Time ! sing loud, and  
    wave  
Your palms of triumph ! sing, where is thy  
    sting,  
O death ? where is thy victory, O grave ?  
Thanks be to God, eternal thanks, who  
    gave  
Us victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Harp, lift thy voice on high ! shout, angels,  
    shout !  
And loudest, ye redeem'd ! glory to God,  
And to the Lamb, all glory, and all praise :  
All glory, and all praise, at morn and even,  
That come and go eternally ; and find  
Us happy still, and thee for ever blest.  
Glory to God, and to the Lamb. Amen.  
For ever, and for evermore. Amen.

POLLOCK.

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## 161. THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST IN DYING.

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JESUS, I cast my soul on thee,  
Mighty and merciful to save ;  
Thou wilt to death go down with me,  
And gently lay me in the grave.

This body there shall rest in hope,  
This body which the worms destroy ;  
For surely thou wilt bring me up,  
To glorious life, and endless joy.

C. WESLEY.

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162. CONVERSATION.

---

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,  
Soon after he that was our Surety died,  
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,  
The scene of all those sorrows left behind ;  
Sought their own village, busied as they went  
In musings worthy of the great event ;  
They spake of him they lov'd, of him whose  
life,  
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual  
strife,  
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,  
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.  
The recollection, like a vein of ore,  
The farther trac'd enrich'd them still the  
more ;  
They thought him, and they justly thought  
him, one  
Sent to do more than he appear'd t' have  
done :  
T' exalt a people, and to place them high  
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.

Ere yet they brought their journey to an  
end,

A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,  
And ask'd them with a kind engaging air,  
What their affliction was, and begg'd a  
share.

Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,  
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,  
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well,  
The tender theme on which they chose to  
dwell,

That reaching home, The night, they said,  
is near,

We must not now be parted, sojourn here—  
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,  
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,  
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the  
word,

And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the  
Lord!

Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say?  
Did they not burn within us by the way?

Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves  
Man to maintain, and such as God approves :  
Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,  
But yet successful, being aim'd at him.

Christ and his character their only scope,  
Their object, and their subject, and their  
hope.

They felt what it became them much to feel,  
And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,  
Found him as prompt as their desire was  
true,  
To spread the new-born glories in their  
view.

COWPER.

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### 163. THE WAY OF ACCESS.

---

- 1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,  
Pierces all nature through :  
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford  
A shelter from thy view.
- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,  
At once before thee lies,  
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart  
Is open to thine eyes.
- 3 Tho' greatly from myself conceal'd,  
Thou seest my inward frame ;  
To thee I always stand reveal'd  
Exactly as I am.
- 4 Since, therefore, I can hardly bear  
What in myself I see,  
How vile and black must I appear,  
Most holy God, to thee !

- 5 But, since my Saviour stands between,  
In garments dy'd in blood,  
'Tis he, the righteous one, is seen  
When I approach to God.
- 6 Thus though a sinner I am safe—  
He pleads before the throne  
His life and death in my behalf,  
And calls my sins his own.
- 7 What wond'rous love, what matchless  
grace,  
In this appointment shine !  
My breaches of the law are his,  
And his obedience mine !

NEWTON.

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## 164. CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

---

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress :  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea—  
“ Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me !”
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For what aught to my charge shall lay ?

Fully through thee absolv'd I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shamè.

- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,  
Sinners of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 And when the dead shall hear thy voice,  
Thy banished children shall rejoice ;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness !

C. WESLEY.

## 165. HOPE IN THE RESURRECTION.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's  
Amid the deepening gloom, [path,  
We soldiers of an injured king  
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our pow'rs decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.

- 3 Our labours done, securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded o'er our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
The vital spark shall lie,  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,  
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
Till the last angel rise and break  
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long silent dust shall burst  
With shouts of endless praise.

H. K. WHITE.

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166. AN EARTHLY HOPE AND A  
SAVING FAITH.

---

- 1 THE wing of time has brush'd away  
The hopes that once were fair and  
bright ;  
Sweet flow'rs that lasted scarce a day,  
Clos'd ere the sun had set in night.

- 2 Hope was the life-breath of my heart,  
But ah ! her magic charms are fled :  
Take back thy promises—we part,  
Thy rosy wreaths are wither'd—dead.
- 3 I thought the rapid hours too few,  
For fancy woke such happy dreams,  
As turn'd to rapture all she knew  
Of life, with its uncertain schemes.
- 4 But O my heart—truth would not seal  
The flatt'ries of life's early day ;  
And sanguine hope and youthful zeal,  
And promis'd joys have flown away.
- 5 Yet though my earthly hopes are dead,  
And storms upon my pathway rise ;  
Though peace has long this bosom fled,  
Faith points a way to yonder skies.
- 6 I hope—I fear—oh ! for a guide !  
My faith is weak, the storm is keen !  
Be thou my refuge—Jesus hide—  
Again I live, his light is seen !
- 7 Sorrow shall cease amongst the blest,  
And pain, and sin, and torturing care ;  
Oh, Saviour, strengthen in my breast,  
Desires thyself hast planted there :
- 8 And when my soul, with parting sigh,  
Shall wing its way to shores unknown ;



Safe shall I be, if thou art nigh,  
If thou wilt then thy creature own !

ANON.

---

167. THUNDER.

---

1 WHEN in dark and dreadful gloom,  
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,  
Black as if the day of doom  
Hung o'er nature's shrinking head :  
When the lightning breaks from high,  
God is coming—God is nigh !

2 When we hear his chariot wheels,  
As the mighty thunder rolls ;  
Nature startles, nature reels,  
From the centre to the poles :  
'Then the ocean, earth, and sky,  
Tremble as he passes by !

3 Darkness, wild with horror, forms  
His mysterious hiding-place :  
Should he from his ark of storms  
Rend the veil and show his face,  
At the judgment of his eye,  
All the universe would die.

God of vengeance ! from above,  
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,  
O remember thou art love !  
Spare, O spare a guilty world !

Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,  
Let the bow of promise smile!

MONTGOMERY.

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168.

THE LAST DAY.

---

I EVEN thus amid thy pride and luxury,  
Oh Earth! shall this last coming burst  
on thee,  
That secret coming of the Son of Man;  
When all the cherub-throning clouds  
shall shine,  
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign;  
When that great Husbandman shall  
wave his fan,  
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and  
pomp away,  
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,  
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course  
maintain;  
Along the busy mart and crowded street,  
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,  
And marriage feasts begin their jocund  
strain,  
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe;  
'Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,

And mountains molten by his burning feet,  
And heav'n his presence own, all red with  
furnace heat.

2 Oh ! who shall then survive ?  
Oh ! who shall stand and live ?  
When all that hath been is no more !  
When from the round earth hung in air,  
With all its constellations fair,  
In the sky's azure canopy ;  
When for the breathing earth and spark-  
ling sea,  
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,  
Heaving along th' abyss profound and dark,  
A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

3 Lord of all power, when thou art there  
alone,  
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,  
That in its high meridian noon  
Needs not the perished sun nor moon ;  
When thou art there in thy presiding state,  
Wide scepter'd monarch o'er the realm  
of doom :  
When from the sea-depths, from earth's  
darkest womb,  
The dead of all the ages round thee wait ;  
And when the tribes of wickedness are  
strewn

Like forest leaves in the autumn of  
thine ire ;  
Faithful and true ! thou still shalt save  
thine own !  
The saints shall dwell with the unharm-  
ing fire ;  
Each white robe spotless, blooming every  
palm.  
Even safe as we, by this still Fountain's  
side,  
So shall the Church, thy bright and  
mystic bride,  
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird  
of calm.  
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,  
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines !  
We hail, we bless the covenant of its  
beam,  
Almighty to avenge, almightiest to re-  
deem.

MILMAN.

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## 169. THUNDER STORM.

---

1 It thunders ! sons of dust, in rev'rence  
bow !  
Ancient of days ! thou speakest from  
above !

Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror  
now ;

That hand which scatters Peace, and  
Joy, and Love.

Almighty ! trembling like a timid child,

I hear thy awful voice—alarm'd—  
afraid—

I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,

And in the very grave would hide my  
head.

Lord ! what is man ? up to the sun he  
flies—

Or feebly wanders through earth's vale  
of dust :

*There* is he lost 'midst heaven's high  
mysteries,

And *here* in error and in darkness lost :

Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's rag-  
ing sea,

Like a poor sailor—by the tempest tost

In a frail bark—the sport of destiny

He sleeps—and dashes on the rocky  
coast.

Thou breakest ; and th' obedient storm  
is still :

Thou speakest ; silent the submissive  
wave :

Man's shatter'd ships the rushing waters  
fill,

And the hush'd billows roll across his  
*grave.*  
 Sourceless and endless God ! compar'd  
 with Thee,  
 Life is a shadowy momentary dream ;  
 And Time, when view'd through Thy  
 eternity,  
 Less than the mote of morning's golden  
 beam.

RUSSIAN POETRY.

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170. GOD IS LOVE.

---

- 1 'Tis sweet when cloudless suns arise,  
 As through the vale we move ;  
 But, oh, more sweet to recognise,  
 Through dreary nights and starless skies,  
 The smiling face of Love !
- 2 I hail the breeze that, soft and clear,  
 Wafts influence from above ;  
 But chief the storm delighted hear,  
 While breathes o'er faith's attentive ear,  
 The whisp'ring voice of Love !
- 3 When health invigorates the frame,  
 Let joy the bliss improve ;  
 But tort'ring pain and fever's flame,  
 With teaching pow'r alike proclaim  
 e tender hand of Love !

- 4 Thou canst not weep, frail child of clay,  
Such blessings taught to prove ;  
Each cloud, that dims thy upward way,  
Shall more endear the glorious day  
That gilds the land of Love !

E. M.

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171.                    MERCY.

---

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing ;  
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,  
My person and off'rings to bring.  
The terrors of law, and of God,  
With me can have nothing to do ;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,  
The arm of his strength will complete ;  
His promise is yea and amen,  
And never was forfeited yet ;  
Things future, nor things that are now,  
Not all things below nor above,  
Can make him his purpose forego,  
Or sever my soul from his love.

- 3 My name from the palms of his hands  
Eternity will not erase ;  
Imprest on his heart it remains,  
In marks of indelible grace ;  
Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given ;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.

TOPLADY.

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## 172. SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL.

---

O HOW unlike the complex works of man,  
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan !  
No meretricious graces to beguile,  
No clust'ring ornaments to clog the pile :  
From ostentation as from weakness free,  
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,  
Majestic in its own simplicity.  
Inscrib'd above the portal, from afar  
Conspicuous, as the brightness of a star,  
Legible only by the light they give,  
Stand the soul-quick'ning words—Believe  
and Live !

COWPER



173.

## THE GRAVE.



- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep ;  
A rest for weary pilgrims found :  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.
- 2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky,  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.
- 3 I long to lay this painful head,  
And aching heart, beneath the soil ;  
To slumber in that dreamless bed  
From all my toil.
- 4 The grave, that never spoke before,  
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;  
O listen ! I will speak no more !—  
Be silent, pride !
- 5 Art thou a mourner ? hast thou known  
The joy of innocent delights,  
Endearing days for ever flown  
And tranquil nights ?

- 6 O live ! and deeply cherish still  
The sweet remembrance of the past ;  
Rely on Heav'n's unchanging will  
For peace at last.
- 7 Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,  
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam ;  
Live ! thou shalt reach a shelt'ring port,  
A quiet home !
- 8 Seek the true treasure, seldom found,  
Of pow'r the fiercest griefs to calm,  
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
With heav'nly balm.
- 9 Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—  
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod ;  
And in thy chast'ning sorrows see  
The hand of God.
- 10 A bruised reed he will not break,  
Afflictions all his children feel ;  
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,  
He wounds to heal !
- 11 Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
Prostrate, his providence adore :  
'Tis done ! arise ! *He* bids thee stand,  
To fall no more.

- 12 Now, trav'ller in the vale of tears !  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Thro' Time's dark wilderness of years,  
Pursue thy flight.
- 13 There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
And while the mould'ring ashes sleep  
Low in the ground,
- 14 The soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image freed from clay,  
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day !
- 15 The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky ;  
The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
SHALL NEVER DIE !
- MONTGOMERY.
- 

## 174. CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

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- 1 THOU, who didst for Peter's faith  
Kindly condescend to pray,  
Thou, whose loving-kindness hath  
Kept me to the present day,  
Kind Conductor,  
Still direct my devious way !

- 2 When a tempting world in view  
Gains upon my yielding heart,  
When its pleasures I pursue,  
Then one look of pity dart,  
Teach me pleasures  
Which the world can ne'er impart.
- 3 When I sit beneath thy word,  
At thy table cold and dead,  
When I cannot see my Lord,  
All my little day-light fled,  
Sun of Glory,  
Beam again around my head.
- 4 When thy statutes I forsake,  
When my graces dimly shine,  
When the covenant I break,  
Jesus, then remember thine !  
Check my wand'rings  
By a look of love divine.
- 5 Then if heav'nly dews distil,  
If my hopes are bright and clear,  
While I sit on Zion's hill,  
Temper joy with holy fear ;  
Keep me watchful,  
Safe alone when thou art near.
- 6 When afflictions cloud my sky,  
When the tide of sorrow flows,

When thy rod is lifted high,  
Let me on thy love repose :  
Stay thy rough wind,  
When the chilling eastern blows.

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PART II.

- 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
(Faint and cold this mortal clay,)
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way ;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.
- 2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire :
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre .
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.
- 3 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day ;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.
- 4 And when mighty trumpets blown,
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,

From the central burning throne,
 'Mid creation's final flame,
 With the ransom'd,
Judge and Saviour, own my name !

MISS JANE TAYLOR.

175. RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

- 1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
 Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part,
 However hard it be ;
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.
- 2 Ye tempting sweets forbear,
 Ye dearest idols fall ;
My love ye must not share,
 Jesus shall have it all :
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But ah ! thou must consent, my heart !
- 3 Ye fair enchanting throng !
 Ye golden dreams, farewell !
Earth has prevail'd too long,
 And now I break the spell :
Ye cherish'd joys of early years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

- 4 But must I part with all?
My heart still fondly pleads;
Yes—Dagon's self must fall,
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.
Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal the smarting wound?
- 5 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.
- 6 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare!
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart!

MISS JANE TAYLOR

176. FOR WE WHO HAVE BELIEVED,
DO ENTER INTO REST.

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- 1 DELUSIVE world, farewell!  
By grief and sin distress'd,  
On one delightful thought I dwell,  
That thou art not my rest!

- 2 Once thou wert all I sought  
To fill this anxious breast,  
And it was then a mournful thought,  
That thou wert not my rest !
- 3 But oft would guilt appear  
In legal horrors drest,  
And many a sad foreboding fear  
Denied my hope of rest !
- 4 And long with heart-felt pain,  
By inward foes oppress'd,  
Some friendly hand I ask'd in vain,  
To point a place of rest.
- 5 Till hast'ning from above,  
A self-invited guest,  
The Saviour, with a smile of love,  
Proclaim'd himself my rest.
- 6 No longer canst thou fill,  
False world, this peaceful breast ;  
No more thy frowns my comforts kill,  
Since Jesus is my rest !
- 7 He bids that scene arise  
Which life and love invest ;  
He bids me quit each earthly prize,  
And pant for heavenly rest.
- 8 Yes ! I shall join the throng,  
By his own voice confest,  
And celebrate, in ceaseless song,  
My Lord, my life, my rest !



## 77. THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.



PILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,  
Come the way to Zion's gate ;  
There, till mercy speaks within,  
Knock and weep, and watch and wait,  
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry,  
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears,  
Watch—for saving grace is nigh,  
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.  
Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice !  
“ Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest.”  
Now within the gate rejoice,  
Safe and own'd, and bought and blest.  
Safe—from all the lures of vice,  
Own'd—by joys the contrite know,  
Bought—by love and life the price,  
Blest—the mighty debt to owe !  
Holy pilgrim ! what for thee  
In a world like this remains ?  
From thy guarded breast shall flee  
Fear and shame, and doubt and pains.  
Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee,  
Shame—from glory's view retire,  
Doubt—in full belief shall die,  
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

178. "HOW WILT THOU DO IN THE  
SWELLING OF JORDAN?"

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- 1 DARK RIVER OF DEATH, that is flowing  
Between the BRIGHT CITY and me,  
Thou boundest the path I am going,  
O how shall I pass over thee?
- 2 When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me,  
And earth disappears from my sight,—  
When a cloud rises thickly before me,  
And veils all my spirits in night:—
- 3 When the hands I love dearly are wring-  
ing,  
The eyes all for me wet with tears,  
The hearts that surround me still clinging,  
And I all misgivings and fears:
- 4 Ere the warmth of that love be departed  
That binds us so closely below,  
Could I bear to see them broken-hearted,  
Nor feel all the sting of their woe!
- 5 O DEATH! thou last portion of sorrow,  
The prospect of Heav'n is bright;  
And fair is the dawn of its morrow,  
But stormy and dreadful thy night!

- 6 O THOU who hast broken the pow'r  
Of this the last victor of men,  
Be with me in that solemn hour,  
O grant me deliverance then !
- 7 The glory from Calvary streaming,  
May shine o'er the cold sable wave ;  
And the faith that is oftentimes beaming,  
May burst through the gloom of the grave.
- 8 And peace may shine cloudless above me,  
When I think what my Saviour has said,  
THE FATHER HIMSELF deigns to love me,  
And JESUS has died in my stead !
- 9 With the prospect of meeting for ever,—  
With the bright gates of heaven in view,  
From the dearest on earth I could sever,  
And smile a delightful adieu !

EDMESTON.

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179. ZION COMFORTED.

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- 1 O ZION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man  
can save :  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-  
may'd, [cay'd.  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is de-



O Saviour, we trust thee, our life is secure,  
Thy wisdom is perfect, supreme is thy  
power :

In love thou correctest, our souls to refine,  
To make us at length in thy likeness to  
shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak are thy  
care ;

The helpless, the hopeless, thou hearest  
their pray'r ;

From all our afflictions thy glory shall  
spring,

The deeper our sorrows, the louder we'll  
sing.

J. GRANT.

# 80. MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days in this dark world and  
wide,

And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul  
more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he return and chide.

“ Doth God exact day-labour, light de-  
nied ? ”



- 4 He bows the heav'ns—the mountains stand  
A highway for their God ;  
He walks amidst the desert land,—  
'Tis Eden where he trod.
- 5 The forests in his strength rejoice ;  
Hark ! on the ev'ning breeze,  
As once of old, the Lord God's voice  
Is heard among the trees.
- 6 Here on the hills he feeds his herds,  
His flocks on yonder plains ;  
His praise is warbled by the birds,  
O could we catch their strains !
- 7 Mount with the lark, and bear our song  
Up to the gates of light ;  
Or, with the nightingale, prolong  
Our numbers through the night !
- 8 In ev'ry stream his bounty flows,  
Diffusing joy and wealth ;  
In ev'ry breeze his Spirit blows,  
The breath of life and health.
- 9 His blessings fall in plenteous show'rs  
Upon the lap of earth,  
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flow'rs,  
And rings with infant mirth.
- 10 If God has made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound,

How beautiful beyond compare,  
Will paradise be found !

MONTGOMERY.

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182. GRACE OF GOD.

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- 1 GRACE does not steel the faithful heart,  
That it should know no ill ;  
We learn to kiss the chast'ning rod,  
And feel its sharpness still.
- 2 But how unlike the Christian's tears,  
To those the world must shed !  
His sighs are tranquil and resign'd  
As the heart from which they sped.
- 3 The saint may be compell'd to meet  
Misfortune's saddest blow ;  
His bosom is alive to feel  
The keenest pang of woe.
- 4 But, ever as the wound is giv'n,  
There is a hand unseen,  
Hasting to wipe away the scar,  
And hide where it has been.
- 5 The Christian would not have his lot  
Be other than it is ;  
For, while his Father rules the world,  
He knows that world is his.



- 6 He knows that he who gave the best,  
Will give him all beside ;  
Assur'd that every good he asks  
Is evil, if denied.
- 7 When clouds of sorrow gather round,  
His bosom owns no fear :  
He knows, where'er his portion be,  
His God will still be there.
- 8 And when the threaten'd storm has burst,  
Whate'er the trial be,  
Something yet whispers him within,  
" Be still, for it is He ! "
- 9 Poor nature, ever weak, will shrink  
From the afflictive stroke ;  
But faith disclaims the hasty plaint  
Impatient Nature spoke.
- 10 He knows it is a Father's will,  
And therefore it is good :  
Nor would he venture, by a wish,  
To change it if he could.
- 11 His grateful bosom quickly learns  
Its sorrows to disown ;  
Yields to his pleasure, and forgets  
The choice was not his own.

MISS CAROLINE FRY.

## 183.

## YOUTH AND AGE.



- 1 THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,  
So calm are we when passions are no more !  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
- 2 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age describes :  
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time  
has made.
- 3 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home ;  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they  
view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

## 184.

## DEATH.



- 1 YES ! we must all be chang'd by death,  
Such is the form the dead must wear ;  
And so, when beauty yields her breath,  
So shall the fairest face appear.

- 2 But let thy soul survey the grace  
That yet adorns its frail abode ;  
And through the wond'rous fabric trace  
The hand of an unerring God.
- 3 Why does the blood, in stated round,  
Its vital warmth throughout dispense ?  
Who tun'd the ear to every sound,  
And lent the hand its ready sense ?
- 4 Whence had the eyes that subtile force,  
That sweetness they by turns display ?  
Who hung the lips with prompt discourse,  
And tun'd the soft melodious lay ?
- 5 What but thy Maker's image there  
In each external part is seen ?  
But 'tis thy better part to wear  
His image pictur'd best within.
- 6 Else what avail'd the raptur'd strain,  
Did not the mind her aid impart ?  
The kindling eye would speak in vain,  
Flow'd not its language from the heart.
- 7 The blood, with stated pace, had crept  
Along the dull and sluggish veins ;  
The ear insensibly had slept,  
Tho' angels sung in choicest strains.
- 8 Then let us, in religion's light,  
This scene of terror calm survey,

And through the dark and gloomy night,  
Watch for the dawn of endless day.

CUMBERLAND.

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185. NONE UPON EARTH DESIRED  
BESIDES CHRIST.

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- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see ; [flow'rs,  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
Have lost all their sweetness with me :  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice :  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear :  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind :

While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear ;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore :  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

NEWTON.

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## 186. FRIENDS SEPARATED BY DEATH.

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1 FRIEND after friend departs !  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end !  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,—  
Beyond the reign of death,—  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath ;  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

- 3 There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown ;  
A long eternity of love,  
Form'd for the good alone :  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere !
- 4 Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are past away ;  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day ;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

187.

## PATIENCE.

- 1 THOUGH the heart that sorrow chideth,  
Sink in anguish and in care ;  
Yet, if patience still abideth,  
Hope shall paint her rainbow there.
- 2 Hope's bright lamp her light shall borrow  
From religion's blessed ray,  
And from many a coming morrow  
Charm the clouds of grief away.
- 3 Wherefore should we sigh and languish,  
Since our cares so soon shall cease ?  
And the heart that sows in anguish,  
Shall hereafter reap in peace.

- 4 This is not a scene of pleasure,  
These are not the shores of bliss ;  
We shall gain a brighter treasure,  
Find a dearer land than this. ANON.
- 

188. RACHEL WEEPING.

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- 1 A VOICE comes from Ramah, a voice of
despair—
For death's gloomy angel is triumphing
there :
The children of beauty his arrows have
smote,
And Rachel is weeping for hers that are
not!
- 2 Alas ! for the parent whose hope and
whose trust
Are wither'd and broken, and hid in the
dust—
Where the blossom of summer all love-
ly appears ;
But the dew drops of ev'ning are ming-
led with tears.
- 3 A voice comes from Ramah, a voice of
dismay—
But the words of Jehovah can soothe
it away :
They tell of a region where grief is forgot—
And Rachel is solac'd for those that
are not. KNOX.

189. RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

- ~~~~~
- 1 THESE eyes, that were half clos'd in death,
Now dare the noontide blaze :
My voice, that scarce could speak my wants,
Now hymns JEHOVAH's praise.
 - 2 How pleasant to my feet, unus'd
To tread the daisied ground !
How sweet to my unwonted ear
The streamlet's lulling sound !
 - 3 How soft the first breath of the breeze
That on my temples play'd !
How sweet the woodland evening song,
Full floating down the glade !
 - 4 But sweeter far the lark that soars
Through morning's blushing ray ;
For then unseen, unheard, I join
His lonely, heav'nward lay.
 - 5 And sweeter still that infant voice,
With all its artless charms ;—
'Twas such as he that Jesus took,
And cherish'd in his arms.
 - 6 O Lord, my God ! all these delights
I to thy mercy owe ;
For thou hast rais'd me from the couch
Of sickness, pain, and woe.

- 7 'Twas thou that from the whelming wave
My sinking soul redeem'd ;
'Twas thou that o'er destruction's storm
A calming radiance beam'd.

GRAHAME.

190. LOOKING UPWARD IN A STORM

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not that word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Did'st thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answer'ing God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me :
I have an advocate with thee !

They, whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

191. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

- 1 THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all
unite ;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us The Lord will
provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are
fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our
bread ;
His saints, what is fitting shall ne'er be
denied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will
provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be
tost
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost ;

Though Satan enrages the wind and the
tide,
The promise engages, The Lord will pro-
vide.

His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us
bold;
For though we are strangers we have a
good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, The Lord will
provide.

When Satan appears to stop up our path
And fill us with fears, we triumph by
faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he
has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, The Lord
will provide.

He tells us we're weak, our hope is in
vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall ob-
tain;
But when such suggestions our spirits
have plied,
This answers all questions, The Lord will
provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we
claim:

Yet since we have known the Saviour's
great name,

In this our strong tower for safety we
hide,

The Lord is our power, The Lord will
provide.

8 When life sink~~s~~ apace, and death is in
view,

This word of his grace shall comfort us
through :

No fearing or doubting with Christ on our
side,

We hope to die shouting, The Lord will
provide.

NEWTON.

192.

THE IDOL.

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith, and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear :
This is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air !

ANON.

193.

HOPE.



HOPE, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of its ethereal birth,
On steady wing, flies through th' immense
abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of
bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a sufferer
here,
With wreaths like those angelic spirits wear.

COWPER.



194. THE PILGRIM OF ZION.



SAD pilgrim of Zion, tho' chastened a
while,
Thro' this dark vale of tears, Hope still
bids thee smile ;
Far spent is the night,—see approaching
the day,
That calls thee from sorrow and sighing
away.

- 2 No tear of repentance, nor wave of the
storm,—
Not a cloud shall e'er darken the light of
that morn,
Where thy sun sets no more, but for ever
shall shine
Unsullied in beauty, in glory divine.
- 3 White thy robe, wash'd in blood, the
price that was given
To redeem thee from earth, and to raise
thee to heaven ;
Where love blooms in peace, and blest
joys feast thy sight—
Where God is thy glory, the Lord thy
delight.
- 4 Oh ! pilgrim, till then, be thou instant
in prayer,
Life's sorrows and pains thy Redeemer
will bear ;
Reposing in death, still the love that
ne'er dies,
Sheds a light to conduct thee in peace to
the skies.

195. FEED MY LAMBS.

~~~~~

1 "FEED my lambs," 'twas kindly spoken,  
'Twas a legacy of love !  
Still his followers keep the token  
Of their Saviour pass'd above.  
Heav'n receives him, and conceals him,  
Yet we still in him confide ;  
Still to us his word reveals him,  
For our Saviour and our guide.

2 While there beats one heart possessing  
Holy love and heav'nly fear,  
We may rest secure in blessing,  
We shall find a shepherd here.  
Yet, kind Lord, whilst thou hast given  
Earthly good from day to day,  
Send us down those gifts from heaven,  
Which can never fade away !

EDMESTON.

## 196. JUDGMENT.

~~~~~

HARK ! universal Nature shook and groan'd ;
'Twas the last trumpet—see the Judge en-
thron'd !

Rouse all your courage at your utmost need,
Now summon ev'ry virtue, stand and plead.
What! silent? Is your boasting heard no
more?

That self-renouncing wisdom, learn'd before,
Had shed immortal glories on your brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchase now.

All joy to the believer! he can speak—
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.
Since the dear hour, that brought me to thy
foot,

And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hop'd but in thy righteousness divine;
My pray'rs and alms, imperfect and defil'd,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er perform'd, it was their brightest
part,

That they proceeded from a grateful heart;
Cleans'd in thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
Is, what it was, dependence upon thee
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now

Angelic gratulations rend the skies,
Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise,
Humility is crown'd, and Faith receives the
prize.

COWPER.

197. CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.



HE is the freeman whom the truth makes
free,

And all are slaves beside ; there's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green
withes.

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, com-
par'd

With those whose mansions glister in his
sight,

Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial gratitude inspir'd,
Can lift to heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—" My Father made them
all !"

Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,

Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted
 mind,
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied
 love,
 That plann'd and built, and still upholds a
 world,
 So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man ?

COWPER.

198. “WHAT ARE THESE WHICH
 ARE ARRAYED IN WHITE ROBES,
 AND WHENCE COME THEY ?”

- ~~~~~
- 1 SAY who are these array'd in white,
 And whence this shining train ?
 The conqueror's palm, the robe of light,
 Their righteousness proclaim.
 - 2 Thou knowest, th' enraptur'd soul replies,
 As, gazing on the throng,
 Unnumber'd voices swell the skies
 With never-dying song.
 - 3 Their hour of tribulation's past,
 Cradled on beds of woe,
 Their nurse was winter's chilly blast,
 A world in arms their foe.

- 4 But now they sing of battles won—
Of garments roll'd in blood—
Of vanquished hosts by David's Son,
The bleeding Lamb of God :
- 5 Of blood that loosed the captive's chain,
Redeem'd his life, and seal'd
The record of a deathless name,
That lives in heaven reveal'd.

J. T.

199. THE HIDING-PLACE.

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place !
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high ;
Despis'd the mention of his grace,
Secure, without a hiding-place !
- 3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And loving darkness more than light,

Madly I ran the sinful race,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

4 But thus the eternal council ran,
“ Almighty grace, arrest that man ;”
I felt the terrors of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Indignant Justice stood in view !
To Sinai’s fiery mount I flew :
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
“ This mountain is no hiding-place.”

6 Ere long a gracious voice I heard,
And mercy’s heavenly form appear’d :
She led me on with smiling face,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.

7 On him the tenfold vengeance fell,
That would have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.

8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan’s coast ;
There I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

HART.

200.

WISDOM.



AH ! when did wisdom covet length of days ?
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise ?
No : wisdom views, with an indiff'rent eye,
All finite joys, all blessings born to die,
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast :
A spark that upward tends by nature's force,
A stream diverted from its parent source ;
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea,
A moment parted from eternity !
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come ;
An exile anxious for his native home.

MRS. H. MORE.



201.

SICKNESS.



1 WHEN languid nature, in deep fever burn-
ing,
Feels all her vital springs are parch'd
and dry,
From side to side, still restless, ever turn-
ing,
And scar'd by phantoms of delirium by :

- 2 How sweet, but for a moment's space, to
ponder,
Surrounded by those bitter, burning
things,
Where fresh cool life and gushing health
flow yonder
From pure celestial and immortal springs
- 3 And if to death the captive burn and languish,
And earth and all its loves and joys be
o'er,
In yonder temple he shall lose his anguish,
A heav'nly pillar to go out no more.

EDMESTON.

202. ANTICIPATION OF CELESTIAL GLORY.

- 1 As some lone captive on a foreign shore
Sighs to behold his native land once more
Counts the dull hours before he break his
chain,
And greets his lov'd, his long-lost home
again ;

2 So, bound and fetter'd to her cell of clay,
Th' impatient spirit longs to burst away ;
Scorns the vain world for nobler realms
above,
And burns to dwell in everlasting love.

3 In those blest regions of eternal day,
No painful thorns obstruct the heav'nly
way,
No earthly vapours dim th' expanding sight
From the pure blaze of uncreated light.

4 No grief is there, no tears of sorrow flow .
No bitter memory of a world of woe,
No ills, no wrongs, immortal joys molest,
The wicked harm not, and the weary rest.

5 O ! might we bid a last adieu to earth,
And fly exulting to ethereal birth ;
Burst the weak bars that hold us pris'ners
here,
And view the glories of the heav'nly
sphere :

6 Then wrapt in visions of celestial joy,
Where endless praises ev'ry tongue em-
ploy,
Our ransom'd souls, absorb'd in sacred
bliss,
Might see the great Redeemer as he is.

- 7 But first we must abide the gen'ral doom
And bow unto the dark and silent tomb,
Death, the last foe, must first be over-
come,
Ere we can gain our long-desired home.
- 8 Oh! may we reach, this mortal conflict
past,
On wings of faith, that glorious state at last
Kept by his might, who triumph'd o'er
the grave,
And died the just, an unjust world to save
- 9 Then, when the mingling elements shall
meet,
And the firm earth consume with fervent
heat;
When, wrapt in flames, and girt as with
robe
Of circling fire, shall melt this solid globe
- 10 When, all around, creation's pillars shake
And from their graves the sleeping dead
awake,—
That mighty voice, which rends the part-
ing skies,
May bid our waking dust to glory rise.

203. UPON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.



WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguish
brings
His dearest earthly treasure to these springs,
Whoe'er like me, to soothe distress and pain,
Shall court these salutary springs in vain :
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of
death,
And watch in dumb despair the short'ning
breath :—
If chance should bring him to this humble
line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were
mine.
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty
bless'd,
Fram'd ev'ry tie that binds the heart to
prove,
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love,

But yet, remembering that the parting sigh
 Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,
 The starting tear I check'd,—I kiss'd the
 rod,—

And not to earth resign'd her, but to God!

LORD PALMERSTON.

204.

EPITAPH.

BLAME not the monumental stone we raise,
 'Tis to the Saviour's, not the creature's
 praise:

Sin was the whole that she could call her
 own,

Her goodness all deriv'd from *Him* alone;
 To *Sin* her conflicts, pains, and griefs she
 owed,

Her conqu'ring faith and patience *He* be-
 stow'd,

Reader! mayst thou obtain like precious
 faith,

To smile in anguish, and rejoice in death.

OLNEY CHURCH-YARD.

205. ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

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WHEN faith and love, which parted from  
thee never,  
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
Of Death, called Life ; which us from life  
doth sever.  
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour  
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod,  
But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever !  
Love led them on, and faith, who knew  
them best,  
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
And azure wings, that up they flew so dress'd,  
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes,  
Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

MILTON.

206. LINES ADDRESSED TO THE  
RING DOVE.

~~~~~

- 1 SWEET bird, again that plaintive strain ;
It seems the Christian voice ;
O'er earth and sin constrain'd to roam,
And yet in hope rejoice.
- 2 Let gayer warblers of the grove
Their varied notes express ;
Far more thy single strain I love,
And more thy pilgrim's dress.
- 3 Thy notes, which erring men despise,
Like those of Zion's song,
To one alone in love arise,
Nor heed the glitt'ring throng !
- 4 How sad they cry, from thee if fate
Should rend that one so dear !
What songs express thy joyful state,
To see him re-appear !
- 5 So weeps that soul the Saviour slain,
For whom his life he gave :
So triumphs that he rose again
Victorious from the grave ;

- 6 And ah ! thy soft and sweet complaint,
Thy murmurs when carest ;
So mourns the saint, by earth detain'd,
Ev'n on his Master's breast.
- 7 But soon with swift unburthen'd wing
His soul shall mount above,
In one eternal strain to sing
A dying Saviour's love.

E. M.

207. MAN RESTORED BY GRACE.

- 1 " CHILD of man, whose seed below
Must fulfil their race of woe !
Heir of want, and doubt, and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain ?
Oh ! in thought, one night recall,
The night of grief in Herod's hall ;
There I bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you.
- 2 Child of Dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceiv'd, by pride undone,
Willing captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke, and learn of me.
I, of heav'n and earth the Lord,
God with God, the eternal Word,

I forsook my Father's side,
Toil'd and wept, and bled and died.'

- 3 " Child of Doubt, does fear surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise ?
Wond'ring, murm'ring dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days ?
Oh ! if darkness round thee low'r,
Darker far my dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
My God, my God, dost thou forsake ?
- 4 " Child of Sin, by guilt oppress'd,
Heaves at last thy throbbing breast ?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part,
Fear'st thou now thy failing heart :
Bear thee on, belov'd of God,
Tread the path thy Saviour trod ;
He the tempter's pow'r hath known,
He hath pour'd the garden groan.
- 5 " Child of Heav'n by me restor'd,
Love thy Saviour, serve the Lord :
Seal'd with that mysterious name,
Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame ;
Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more ;
Partner of my purchas'd throne,
One in joy, in glory one.

BOWDLER:

208. TRANSITORY NATURE OF
EARTHLY PLEASURE.

~~~~~

- 1 THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose :
- 4 Till worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or, broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline,

- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If heav'n must recompense our pains ;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r  
If firm the word of God remains.

S. WESLEY.

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209. " THOU HAST MADE SUMMER  
AND WINTER."

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My God, all nature owns thy sway ;  
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day ;  
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,  
When morning rich in lustre breaks,  
And bathes in dew the op'ning flow'r,  
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;  
And, when she pours her choral song,  
Her melodies to thee belong !  
Or when, in paler tints array'd,  
The evening slowly spreads her shade ;  
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,  
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,  
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;  
From earth the pensive spirit free,  
And lead the soften'd heart to thee.  
In every scene thy hands have dress'd,  
In every form by thee impress'd,



Upon the mountain's awful head,  
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread ;  
In every note that swells the gale,  
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,  
The cavern's depth or echoing grove,—  
A voice is heard of praise and love.  
As o'er thy works the seasons roll,  
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,  
Oh never may their smiling train  
Pass o'er the human soul in vain !  
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,  
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise ;  
And be the joys that most we prize,  
The joys that from thy favour rise.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

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210.

HEAVEN.

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THE golden palace of my God  
Tow'ring above the clouds I see :  
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,  
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.  
How can I in those courts appear,  
Without a wedding garment on ?  
Conduct me, thou life-giver, there,  
Conduct me to thy glorious throne !

And clothe me with thy robes of light,  
And lead me through sin's darksome night,  
My Saviour and my God.

RUSSIAN POETRY.

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## 211. THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

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It matters little at what hour o' the day  
The righteous falls asleep; death cannot  
come  
To him untimely who is fit to die;  
The less of this cold world, the more of  
heaven:  
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

MILMAN.

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## 212. COMMUNION WITH SAINTS.

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- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,  
Who have obtain'd the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love,  
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone,

For all the servants of our King  
In heav'n and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him,  
One church, above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream—  
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

5 Even now to their eternal home  
Some happy spirits fly ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die !

6 O Jesus, be our constant guide ;  
Then, when the word is giv'n  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And land us safe in Heav'n.

ANON.

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## 213. THE CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.

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1 By the rivers of waters, where Babylon  
dwells,  
The captive of Zion sits pensive and  
sad ;

With the wave of affliction his bosom  
    high swells,  
His soul with the garment of sorrow is  
    clad.

2 Unheeded the bank which luxuriantly  
    smiles,  
As lav'd by the waters, it drinks of  
    the stream ;  
Vain the rich-laden breeze with its fra-  
    grance beguiles ;  
They flit as the shadows that sport in a  
    dream.

3 To the soul of the stranger no charm could  
    impart  
The calm of that peace o'er which me-  
    mory weeps ;  
As of days that are past, " days of rest,"  
    when his heart  
Repos'd on the " land where the Pa-  
    triarch sleeps."

4 From the willow, o'ershadowing the river,  
    was hung  
The harp of its exile, inglorious in rest ;  
When the spoiler of Judah beheld it  
    unstrung,  
As scornful he glanc'd at the " seat of  
    the blest.'

- 5 'Tis the tyrant whose arm binds his captive in chains,  
That exultingly points to the "harp of the just ;"  
'Tis the voice of his waster its melody claims,  
In a song of fair Zion now prostrate in dust.
- 6 In the land of his foe shall the captive arise,  
Wake the numbers of Zion, her altar profan'd ?  
Sing how Babylon's prince rais'd his hand to the skies,  
When the pride and the glory of Judah were stain'd ?
- 7 Weep for Salem's strong towers, dismantled, forlorn ;  
In thy land shall the foe from his prey never cease !  
Loose his bands from thy neck : Lo ! the star of thy morn,  
Which shall light thee with songs to thy "border in peace."

J. T.

214. "O LORD, I KNOW THAT IN  
VERY FAITHFULNESS THOU  
HAST AFFLICTED ME."

~~~~~

- 1 FOR what shall I praise thee, my God
and my King? [bring
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health
and for ease,
For the spring of delight, and the sun
shine of peace?
- 2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that
bloom'd on my breast,
For joys in perspective, and pleasure
possess'd?
For the spirits that heighten'd my day
delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow
by night?
- 3 For this should I praise thee! but,
only for this,
I should leave half-untold the donation of
bliss:
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for
care,

For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish I bear :

4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,

A present of pain, a perspective of fears ;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and
my God,

For the good and the evil thy hand hath
bestow'd.

5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,

They yielded no fruits, they are wither'd
and gone ;

The thorn it was poignant, but precious
to me,—

'Twas the message of mercy,—it led me
to thee.

ANON.

215.

CHARITY.

WHEN constant Faith and holy Hope shall
die,

One lost in certainty, and one in joy,
Then, thou more happy pow'r, fair Charity !
Triumphant sister ! greatest of the three !

Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy
 flame,
 Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confest
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

PRIOR

216. UPON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG
 LADY.

AH me! these youthful bearers, rob'd in
 white,
 They tell a mournful tale. Some blooming
 friend
 Is gone,—dead in her prime of years. 'Twas
 she,
 The poor man's friend, who, when she could
 not give, [could
 With angel tongue persuaded those who
 With angel tongue, and mild beseeching eye
 That ne'er besought in vain, save when she
 pray'd
 For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
 Rejoic'd to die,—for happy visions bless'd
 Her voyage's last days, and, hov'ring round
 Alighted on her soul, giving presage
 That heav'n was nigh. O what a burst

Of rapture from her lips ! What tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffus'd ! Those eyes
are clos'd ;

But all her loveliness is not yet flown.
She smil'd in death, but still her cold, pale
face [lake,

Retains that smile : As when a waveless
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven, unchang'd,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.

GRAHAME.

217. FUNERAL ANTHEM.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye,
And sorrow is unknown ;
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear releas'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 2 The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode ;

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail ;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

4 " Earth to earth," and " dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find ;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

218.

PRAYER.

- ~~~~~
- 1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r
But wishes to be often there?
 - 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
 - 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour
 bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
 - 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
 - 5 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
 - 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,

Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

COWPER.

219. SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

- 1 ERE yet the ev'ning star, with silver ray,
 Sheds its mild lustre on this sacred day,
 Let us resume, with thankful hearts again
 'The rites that heav'n and holiness ordain
- 2 Still let those precious truths our thoughts
 engage,
 Which shine reveal'd on inspiration's page
 Nor those blest hours in vanity be pass'd
 Which all who lavish will lament at last
- 3 O God, our Saviour, in our hearts abide
 Thy blood redeems us, and thy precep-
 t guide ;
 In life our guardian, and in death our
 friend,
 Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end
- 4 And as yon sun descending rolls away,
 To rise in glory at return of day,
 So may we set, our transient being o'er
 So rise in glory on the eternal shore !

ANO-

220. THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

~~~~~

- 1 'Tis but one family,—the sound is balm,  
A seraph-whisper to the wounded heart,  
It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,  
And draws the venom from the avenger's  
    dart.
- 2 'Tis but one family,—the accents come  
Like light from heav'n to break the night  
    of woe,  
The banner-cry, to call the spirit home,  
The shout of vict'ry o'er a fallen foe.
- 3 Death cannot separate—is memory dead?  
Has thought too vanish'd, and has love  
    grown chill?  
Has every relic and memento fled,  
And are the living only with us still?
- 4 No! in our hearts the lost we mourn re-  
    main,  
Objects of love and ever-fresh delight;  
And fancy leads them in her fairy train  
In half seen transports past the mourner's  
    sight.

- 5 Yes ! in ten thousand ways, or far or near  
The call'd by love, by meditation brought  
In heavenly visions yet they haunt us here  
The sad companions of our sweetest  
thought.
- 6 Death never separates ; the golden wires  
That ever trembled to their names before  
Will vibrate still, though every form ex-  
pires,  
And those we love, we look upon no more
- 7 No more indeed in sorrow and in pain,  
But even memory's need ere long wi-  
cease,  
For we shall join the lost of love again  
In endless bands, and in eternal peace.

EDMESTON

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221. THE MORNING STAR.

- ~~~~~
- 1 STAR of the morn, whose placid ray  
Beam'd mildly o'er yon sacred hill,  
While whisp'ring zephyrs seem'd to say,  
As silence slept and earth was still,  
Hail, harbinger of gospel light !  
Dispel the shades of nature's night !

- 2 I saw thee rise on Salem's tow'rs,  
I saw thee shine on gospel lands,  
And Gabriel summon'd all his pow'rs,  
And waked to ecstasy his bands ;  
Sweet cherubs hail'd thy rising ray,  
And sang the dawn of gospel day !
- 3 Shine, lovely star ! on every clime,  
For bright thy peerless beauties be ;  
Gild with thy beam the wing of time,  
And shed thy rays from sea to sea ;  
Then shall the world from darkness rise,  
Millennial glories cheer our eyes !

ANON.

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## 222. THE RIVER OF LIFE.

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- 1 THERE is a pure and peaceful wave,  
That rolls around the throne of love,  
Whose waters gladden as they lave  
The peaceful shores above.
- 2 While streams which on that tide depend,  
Steal from those heav'nly shores away,  
And on this desert world descend,  
O'er weary lands to stray ;
- 3 The pilgrim faint, and nigh to sink  
Beneath his load of earthly woe,

Refresh'd beside their verdant brink,  
Rejoices in their flow.

4 There, oh ! my soul, do thou repair,  
And hover o'er the hallowed spring,  
To drink the crystal wave, and there  
To lave thy wearied wing.

5 There droop that wing, when far it flies  
From human care, and toil, and strife,  
And feed by those still streams that rise  
Beneath the Tree of Life.

6 It may be that the waft of love  
Some leaves on that pure tide have driv'n,  
Which passing from the shores above,  
Have floated down from heav'n.

7 So shall thy wounds and woes be heal'd  
By the blest virtue that they bring ;  
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,  
Thy Saviour's praise to sing.

ANON.

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## 223. ' PRAY WITHOUT CEASING. '

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1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give ;  
Long as they live should Christians pray  
For only while they pray they live.



- 2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites  
He speaks as prompted from within,  
The spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for thy  
pray'r ?  
My soul, thou hast a friend on high ;  
Arise and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;  
If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress ;  
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 Depend on Him, thou canst not fail,  
Make all thy wants and wishes known,  
Fear not ; his merits must prevail,  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HART.

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224. AFFLICTIONS OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

---

- 1 "Poor and afflicted," Lord, are thine,  
Among the great unfit to shine ;  
But tho' the world may think it strange,  
They would not with the world exchange.
- 2 "Poor and afflicted," yes they are,  
They're not exempt from grief and care ;

But he who sav'd them by his blood,  
Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.

- 3 "Poor and afflicted," 'tis their lot,  
They know it, and they murmur not  
'Twould ill become them to refuse  
The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted," yet they sing,  
For Jesus is their glorious King;  
Through suff'rings perfect now he reigns,  
And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 5 "Poor and afflicted," but ere long  
They'll join the bright celestial throng;  
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,  
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.
- 6 And while they walk the thorny way,  
They're often heard to sigh and say—  
"Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come!  
And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

KELLY.

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## 225. THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHTEOUS- NESS.

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- 1 THE countless multitude on high,  
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,  
All merit of their own deny,  
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

- 2 Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace,  
They stand before Jehovah's throne;  
The only song in that bless'd place,  
Is— 'Thou art worthy! thou alone!'
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,  
And branches of triumphal palm,  
They shout, with transports of delight,  
Heav'n's ceaseless universal psalm.
- 4 Salvation's glory all be paid  
To Him who sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed,  
Thou! Thou art worthy! Thou alone.
- 5 For thou wast slain; and in thy blood  
These robes were wash'd so spotless pure;  
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God—  
For ever let thy praise endure!
- 6 While thus the ransom'd myriads shout,  
"Amen!" the holy angels cry;  
"Amen! Amen!" resounds throughout  
The boundless regions of the sky.
- 7 Let us with joy adopt the strain  
We hope to sing for ever there!  
"Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Worthy alone the crown to wear!"

- 8 Without one thought that's good to plead,  
O what could shield us from despair,  
But this—though we are vile indeed,  
“The Lord our Righteousness,” is there!

ANON.

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## 226. THE LOVING KINDNESS OF GOD.

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- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
To sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all!  
He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose;  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving-kindness, O how good!

- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,  
To the bright world of endless day;  
And sing with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.



## 227. THE RAINBOW.



- 1 TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To teach me what thou art.
- 2 Still seem as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given,  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

- 3 Can all that optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow ?
- 4 Whence science from creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws !
- 5 And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.
- 6 When o'er the green undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's grey fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign !
- 7 And when its yellow lustrè smil'd,  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child,  
To bless the bow of God.
- 8 Methinks thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang,  
On earth delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

- 9 Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,  
Unraptur'd greet thy beam ;  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme.
- 10 The earth to thee its incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshened fields  
The snowy mushroom springs.
- 11 How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down.
- 12 As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.
- 13 For faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

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## 228. THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

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- 1 WHEN those dark hours of earthly love  
And earthly pangs are o'er,  
Those lips shall bless—those hands shall  
Those eyes shall look no more. [move,

- 2 Oh ! let no tear thine eyelids dim  
 O'er this pale form of clay ;  
 But think I rest at peace with him  
 Who wipes all tears away !
- 3 These lips transformed shall sound the  
 Hosanna to the Lamb— [words  
 These hands transfigured sweep the chords  
 That praise the great I AM.
- 4 These hollow eyes but seem to sleep,  
 For, oh ! to them is given  
 An endless watch of bliss to keep,  
 For they have waked in Heaven !

ANON.

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## 229. THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

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- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory things  
 Towards heav'n thy native place.  
 Sun and moon, and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course :  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
 Both speed them to their source



So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon the Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies.  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be giv'n;  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

ANON.

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230. GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE  
OF CHRIST.

---

- 1 REMEMBER thee! remember Christ!  
While mem'ry holds her place,  
Can we forget the Lord of Life,  
Who saves us by his grace?
- 2 The Lord of Life, with glory crown'd,  
On heav'n's exalted throne,  
Forgets not those for whom on earth  
He heav'd his dying groan.

- 3 The promis'd joy he then obtain'd,  
When he ascended hence,  
Up from the grave to God's right hand,  
A Saviour and a prince !
- 4 His glory now no tongue of man,  
Or seraph bright can tell ;  
Yet still the chief of all his joys,  
That souls are sav'd from hell.
- 5 For this he came and dwelt on earth ;  
For this his life was giv'n ;  
For this he fought and vanquish'd death :  
For this he pleads in heav'n !
- 6 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,  
Your grateful praise to give :  
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,  
Who died that you might live.

DR. WARDLAW.

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## 231. PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

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- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God ;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode,

- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
O kindle now the sacred flame,  
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 Impress upon my wand'ring heart  
The love that Christ to sinners bore :  
Then mourn the wounds my sins pro-  
duc'd,  
And my redeeming God adore.
- 4 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see ;  
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

ANON.

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232. ENCOURAGEMENT.

---

- 1 O GOD! my heart within me faints,  
And pours in sighs her deep complaints ;  
Yet many a thought shall linger still,  
By Carmel's height and Tabor's rill,  
The Olive Mount my Saviour trod,  
The rocks that saw and own'd their God.
- 2 The morning beam that wakes the skies,  
Shall see my matin incense rise ;

The evening seraphs as they rove,  
Shall catch the notes of joy and love ;  
And sullen night with drowsy ear,  
The still repeated anthem hear.

- 3 My soul shall cry to thee, O Lord,  
To thee, supreme incarnate Word,  
My rock and fortress, shield and friend,  
Creator, Saviour, source, and end ;  
And thou wilt hear thy servant's pray'r,  
Though death and darkness speak despair
- 4 Ah ! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,  
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast  
Turn, turn to Him, in ev'ry pain,  
Whom never suppliant sought in vain ;  
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,  
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

BOWDLER

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## 233. MISSIONARY HYMN.

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- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an ancient river,  
From many a balmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile !  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strewn,  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to man benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! Oh, salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft ye winds his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory  
It spreads from pole to pole :

Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

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## 234. THE CHRISTIAN ISRAEL.

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- ~~~~~
- 1 Thus far on Life's perplexing path,  
Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led  
Safe from the world's pursuing wrath,  
Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our  
head :  
Here then we pause, look back, adore,  
Like ransom'd Israel from the shore,
  - 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
As all our fathers in their day,  
We to a Land of Promise go,  
Lord ! by thine own appointed way :  
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,  
In cloud by day, in fire by night.
  - 3 Protect us through this wilderness  
From serpent plague, and hostile rage,  
With bread from heaven our table bless,  
With living streams our thirst assuage ;

Nor let our rebel hearts repine,  
Or follow any voice but Thine.

- 4 Thy righteous laws to us proclaim,  
But not from Sinai's top alone ;  
Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,  
Thy pow'r and all thy goodness shown  
And may we never bow the knee,  
Or worship any God but Thee.
- 5 Thy presence with us, move or rest ;  
—And as the eagle, o'er her brood,  
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,  
Covers, defends, provides them food,  
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly ;  
Thus, thus, prepare us for the sky.
- 6 When we have number'd all our years,  
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,  
Though the flesh fail with human fears,  
Oh ! let not then the spirit shrink,  
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,  
Plunge through the stream,—to rise  
above.

MONTGOMERY.

235. ORDINANCES A PLEDGE OF  
HEAVEN.

- 1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,  
That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,  
Thy presence to adore :  
My feet the summons shall attend,  
My willing steps thy courts ascend,  
And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 What joy, while thus I view the day  
That warns my thirsting soul away,  
What transports fill my breast !  
For lo ! my great Redeemer's power  
Unfolds the everlasting door,  
And leads me to his rest.
- 3 Ev'n now to my expecting eyes  
'The heav'n-built towers of Salem rise,  
Ev'n now, with glad survey,  
I view her mansions that contain  
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,  
And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither from earth's remotest end,  
Lo, the redeem'd of God ascend,  
Their tribute hither bring ;



Here crown'd with everlasting joy,  
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
And hail the immortal King:

5 Great Salem's King! who bids each state  
On her decrees dependant wait:  
In her, ere time begun,  
High on eternal base uprear'd,  
His hands the regal seat prepar'd  
For Jesse's favour'd Son.

6 Mother of cities! o'er thy head,  
See peace, with healing wings outspread,  
Delighted fix her stay:  
How blest, who calls himself thy friend!  
Success his labours shall attend,  
And safety guard his way.

7 Thy walls remote from hostile fear,  
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,  
Nor war's wide waste deplore:  
There smiling Plenty takes her stand,  
And in thy courts with lavish hand,  
Has pour'd forth all her store.

8 Let me, blest seat, my name behold  
Among thy citizen's enroll'd,  
In thee for ever dwell;  
Let Charity my steps attend,  
My sole companion and my friend,  
My Faith and Hope farewell!

## 236. THE DYING CHRISTIAN.



- 1 " SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay !  
Lingering dust—resign thy breath !  
Spirit—cast thy chains away !  
Dust—be thou dissolv'd in death !  
Thus—th' Almighty Saviour speaks,  
While—the faithful Christian dies !  
Thus—the bonds of life he breaks,  
And the ransom'd captivè flies !
- 2 " Prisoner—long detain'd below !  
Prisoner—now with freedom blest !  
Welcome—from a world of woe !  
Welcome—to a land of rest ! "  
Thus the choir of angels sing  
As they bear the soul on high !  
While with hallelujahs ring  
All the region of the sky !
- 3 Grave—the guardian of our dust !  
Grave—the treasury of the skies !  
Every atom of thy trust,  
Rests in hope again to rise !  
Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls !  
" Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—  
*Immortality* thy walls,  
And *Eternity* thy day ! "

MONTGOMERY.

## 237. THE STONY HEART.



- 1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away :  
And thaw with beams of love divine  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake ;  
The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;  
Of feeling all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt :  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God !  
Do thou apply the Saviour's blood !  
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,  
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

HART.

## 238. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

- ~~~~~
- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame !  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying ;  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond nature ! cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life !
  - 2 Hark they whisper—angels say,  
“ Sister spirit, come away !  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul—can this be death ?
  - 3 The world recedes !—it disappears !—  
Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring :  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
O death ! where is thy sting ?

## 239. VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.



WHERE then shall hope and fear their objects find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?

Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,  
Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion  
vain;

Still raise, for good, the supplicating voice,  
But leave to heaven the measure and the  
choice;

Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar,  
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.

Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,  
Secure, whate'er he gives he gives the best:  
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind  
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;  
For love, which scarce collective man can fill,  
For patience sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;

For faith that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat.

These goods for man the laws of Heaven  
ordain,

These goods he grants, who grants the  
power to gain ;

With these celestial Wisdom calms the  
mind,

And makes the happiness she does not find.

DR. JOHNSON.

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## 240. DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

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1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit ! rest thee now !  
Ev'n while with ours thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath !  
Soul, to its place on high !  
They, that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.

MRS. HEMANS.

## 241. HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

~~~~~  
1 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no
more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not
for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to
restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glitter-
ing with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save :
But when shall spring visit the mouldering
urn ?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the
grave ?

2 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science
betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade on-
ward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind,
“ O pity, great Father of light,” then I cried,
Thy creature who fain would not wander
from Thee !

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;
From doubt and from darkness thou only
canst free.

3 And darkness and doubt are now flying
away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph
descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first
bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses
are blending,
And Beauty Immortal awakes from the
tomb !

BEATTIE.

242. A REAL OCCURRENCE IN A
CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

WHICH is the happiest death to die ?
“ Oh ! ” said one, “ if I might choose,

Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit ere it fly,
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death, without pain,
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet should be
The victory I should gain !

“ Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps which ring above :
And sing it, as my parting breath
Quivered and expired in death—
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere ;
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise ;
And gather, from the death they view,
A ray of hope to light them through,
When they should be departing too.”

“ No,” said another, “ so not I :
Sudden as thought is the death I would die ;
I would suddenly lay my shackles by,
Nor bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,

Nor the frame, with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart, where love's soft bands are
breaking—

So would I die !

“ All bliss, without a pang to cloud it !
All joy, without a pain to shroud it !
Not slain, but caught up as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air !

So would I die !

Oh how bright
Were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon my sight !
Even so,
I long to go,
These parting hours, how sad and slow !”

His voice grew faint, and fix'd was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy :
The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,
Around his mouth a sweet smile played ;—
They look'd—he was dead !

His spirit had fled :

Painless and swift as his own desire,
The soul undress'd,
From her mortal vest,
And stepp'd in her car of heavenly fire ;

And proved how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!

EDMESTON.

243. CONSOLATION.

- 1 CHILD of sorrow, lend thine ear ;
Turn, and thy deliverer see ;
Jesus brings his ransom near,
Tells thee it was paid for thee.
- 2 'Tis the precious stream that flow'd
From his hands, his feet, his side ;
Then he made our peace with God.
Justice then he satisfied.
- 3 Sins of deep and scarlet dye
Vanish where this blood is known ;
Hellish foes in terror fly,
Conscious that their power is gone.
- 4 This will bring thee life and joy,
When 'tis sprinkled on thy heart ;
Nothing shall thy peace destroy,
Death resigns his poison'd dart.
- 5 Welcome then to mercy's store,
Mercy for the vilest free ;

Trembling sinner, doubt no more,
Trust in him who died for thee.

- 6 But reflect, when turn'd to God,
What it cost to make thee clean ;
Trample not on Jesus' blood,
Love the Lord, and fear to sin.

HURN.

244. A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

- 1 To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe ;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow ;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony,—
This is a mother's grief.
- 2 Thro' dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death ;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shorten'd breath ;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close,—
This is a mother's grief.

3 To see in one short hour decayed
The hope of future years ;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears ;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—
This is a mother's grief.

4 Yet when the first wild throb is past,
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think—my child is *there* ;
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief !

DALE.

245. 1 PETER V. 7.

*“ Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for
you.”*

1 FOR me ! was it rightly I heard ?
The hope too presumptuous I fear ;

Let the sweet, the encouraging word
Still dwell on my gratified ear.

2 On my ear did I say? little gain,
Little comfort such gift would impart
Oh! let its deep impress remain,
Indelibly stamp'd on my heart.

3 Does God then his creatures invite
Upon Him to cast ev'ry care?
His word does Omnipotence plight,
Thus freely their burden to bear?

4 Oh! let me not baffle such love,
By a thankless and cold unbelief;
But his truth who has promised prove.
By resigning my every grief.

5 Does a Father His fostering hand
From Heaven in mercy extend?
And shall I such goodness withstand,
And refuse such a bountiful friend?

6 Let me rather with rapture embrace
An offer so gracious and kind;
And unlimited confidence place
In such goodness and power combin'd.

7 Has it pleas'd Him in wisdom to take
My earthly dependence away?
Then with child-like submission I'll make
His arm my sole pillow and stay.

- 8 I'll repose on His words which declare,
That the desolate still He befriends ;
Makes the fatherless children His care,
And the cause of the widow defends.
- 9 I'll list to His heart-soothing voice,
Who declares that the mourners are
Who invites them in Him to rejoice [blest;
And assures them of comfort and rest.
- 10 To the heart truly humbled by woe,
The anointing of joy shall be given ;
To the tears that from penitence flow,
The peace that's the foretaste of Heaven.

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

246. WEEP NOT FOR ME.

- 1 WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing ;
Weep not for me.
- 2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.

249. THE LITANY.



- 1 SAVIOUR ! when in dust to thee,
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When repentant to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
O ! by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany !
- 2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of wants and tears,
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness,—
By the dread permitted hour,
Of th' insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, O turn a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany !
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,—
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,—
By the anguished tear that told,
Treachery lurked within thy fold,—
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany !

4 By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany !

5 By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O ! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany !

R. GRANT.

250. THE CHRISTIAN INTERCED-
ING FOR HIS CHILD.

- 1 FAIN O my child, I'd have thee know,
The God whom angels love ;
And teach thee feeble strains below,
Akin to theirs above.
- 2 O when thy lisping tongue shall read,
Of truths divinely sweet ;
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.

- 3 I'll move thine ear—I'll point thine eye,
But ah! the inward part—
Great God, the Spirit! hear the sigh
That trembles through my heart.
- 4 Break, with thy vital beam benign,
O'er all the mental wild!
Bright o'er the human chaos shine,
And sanctify my child.

ANON.

251. "ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTER-
ING SPIRITS?"

- 1 How cheering the thought that the
spirits in bliss
Will bow their bright wings to a world
such as this;
Will leave the sweet songs of the man-
sions above, [of love!
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message
They come, on the wings of the morning
they come, [home;
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer
Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy
abode, [God.
And lay him to rest in the arms of his

CUNNINGHAM.

252 THE MOTHERLESS BABE TO
ITS FATHER.

WHENE'ER thou view'st thy darling nigh,
With beating heart and anxious eye,
Why dost thou gaze on me and sigh,
My Father?

Why dost thou try in mine to trace
Resemblance of that much-loved face,
That smile of gentleness and grace,
My Father?

Could'st thou from sorrow's bondage free,
Partake of infancy with me,
What glorious visions would'st thou see,
My Father!

The hand that would have blest me still,
Life's anxious part allow'd to fill,
By thee unseen, protects from ill
My Father!

While others watch with fond alarm,
To save my tender life from harm,
She shields me with her circling arm,
My Father!

And when the day no slumber brings,
A heavenly song she sweetly sings,
And fans me with her angel wings,
My Father !

She tells me of a world above,
From which she shall no more remove ;
A rest where reigns eternal love,
My Father !

She whispers of a blest retreat,
Where, in communion soft and sweet,
Our souls again with hers shall meet,
My Father !

And should it be my blessed lot,
Ere long to reach that heavenly spot ;
Then if thou lov'st me, mourn me not,
My Father !

Yon glorious seraph, yet with thee,
From earth shall set my spirit free,
And guide to immortality,
My Father !

E. M.

253. TEMPTATION.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,—
My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the
storm,
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves,—say, "Peace, be
still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

COWPER.

254. ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED
MINISTER.

- 1 SERVANT of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.
Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
It was a two-edged blade
Of heavenly temper keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'Twas death to sin,—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin ;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.
Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid; resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

- 9 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke—and caught his captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
- 10 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.
- 11 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 12 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

MONTGOMERY.

255. THE SOUL THIRSTING AFTER GOD

- 1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling
springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's
chase;
So pants my soul for thee, great King of
kings!
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling
place.

On bitter tears my pining soul hath fed,
While taunting foes deride my deep de-
spair ;

“ Say, where is now thy great deliverer
fled ?

Thy mighty God—abandoned wanderer,
where ?”

Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice
happy days,

When to thy courts I led the willing
throng ;

Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure
praise,

And festive joys still closed with sacred
song.

Why throb, my heart ? Why sink, my
saddening soul ?

Why droop to earth with various woes
oppress'd ?

My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

By Jordan's banks with devious steps I
stray,

O'er Hermon's rugged rocks and deserts
dear ;

E'en there thy hand shall guide my lonely
way,

There thy remembrance shall my spirit
cheer

- 6 In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,
Harsh sounding cataracts responsive roar;
Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,
And dash my shatter'd bark from shore to
shore.
- 7 Yet thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And, 'midst the dark and gloomy shades
of night,
To thee I'll duly tune the grateful lay.
- 8 Rock of my hope! great Solace of my
heart!
O! why desert the offspring of thy care,
While taunting foes thus point the invi-
dious dart—
“Where is thy God? abandon'd wander-
er, where?”
- 9 Why faint, my soul? Why doubt Jeho-
vah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall
prove:
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be
paid;—
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love

256. CHRIST CALLING.



How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me !
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.

He call'd me, when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill ;
I pass'd from folly on to crime,
And yet He call'd me still.

He call'd me, in the time of dread,
When death was full in view ;
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

O thou, that every thought dost know,
And answerest every prayer !
Try me with sickness, want or woe,
But snatch me from despair.

- 6 My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow :
—What blessed light breaks on my soul
My God ! I hear Thee now.

BISHOP HEBE

257.

MIDNIGHT.

- 1 My God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts in-
pure.
- 2 Bless'd angels, while we silent lie,
Your Hallelujahs sing on high ;
You joyful hymn the ever blest
Before the throne, and never rest.
- 3 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine ;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.
- 4 My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thy arms I will intrust :
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

- 5 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 6 All praise to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made,
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 7 Blest Jesus, Thou on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.
- 8 Shine on me Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy all-quickenning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
- 9 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.
- 10 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KENN.

258. "SAVE, LORD ! OR WE PERISH."

- ~~~~~
- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild
 tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red light
 ning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to
 cherish,
We fly to our Maker: " Save, Lord ! or
 we perish."
- 2 O Jesus ! once rock'd on the breast of the
 billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
 pillow :
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish
Who cries, in his anguish, " Save, Lord
 or we perish."
- 3 And, O ! when the whirlwind of passion
 is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is
 waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemer
 to cherish ;
Rebuke the destroyer ; " Save, Lord, or
 we perish."

BISHOP HEBER

259. THE ENTIRE SURRENDER OF THE SOUL.

- 1 PEACE has unveil'd her smiling face,
And wooes thy soul to her embrace :
Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain
From earthly love, else sought in vain ;
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.
- 2 Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art ;
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And peace shall be for ever thine ;
Behold the paths the saints have trod,
The paths which led them home to God.

MADAME GUION.

260. THE EMBLEMS OF DEATH.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :—
- 2 “ Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)

Hear the lesson we are reading ;
Mark the awful truth we tell .

3 “ Youth on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

4 “ What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace !
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 “ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.”

6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid !
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

BISHOP HORNE.

261. WEAK BELIEVERS COMFORTED.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Bless'd is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

TOPLADY.

262. "LOVE NEVER FAILETH."

~~~~~  
THEY sin who tell us love can die :  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity,

In heaven, ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vault of hell ;  
Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they had their birth ;  
But love is indestructible.  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times distress,  
It here is tried and purified,  
It hath in heaven its perfect rest ;  
It soweth *here* in toil and care,  
But the harvest time of love is *there*.  
O ! when the mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for all her fears,  
The anxious day, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, pains, and tears,  
An over-payment of delight ?

SOUTHEY.

263.

LINES.

~~~~~  
1 REFLECTED on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow ;
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the wave below.

- 2 Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

BISHOP HEEBER.

264. " BUT IT IS GOOD FOR ME TO
DRAW NEAR TO GOD."
-

- 1 As when a child, secure of harms,
Hangs at the mother's breast,
Safe folded in her anxious arms,
Receiving food and rest :
And while through many a painful path
The travelling parent speeds,
The fearless babe, with passive faith,
Lies still, and yet proceeds :
- 2 Should some short start his quiet break,
He fondly strives to fling
His little arms about her neck,
And closer seems to cling.
Poor child, maternal love alone,
Preserves thee first and last :
Thy parent's arms, and not thine own,
Are those that held thee fast.

- 3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
And hear his secret call,
Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
And let the Lord be all :
“ Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,”
The Shepherd softly cries ;
“ Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep,”
The listening sheep replies.
- 4 “ Thy whole dependence on me fix :
Nor entertain a thought,
Thy worthless scheme with mine to mix,
But venture to be nought.
Fond self-direction is a shelf ;
Thy strength and wisdom flee :
When thou art nothing in thyself,
Thou then art close to me.”

HART.

265. “ HE THAT LOVETH HIS BROTHER
ABIDETH IN THE LIGHT.”

YES, love indeed is light from heaven ;
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared, by Jesus given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love ;

A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought ;
A ray of him who form'd the whole ;
A glory circling round the soul !

266. “ THE LORD BLESS THEE,
AND KEEP THEE.”

MAY he who erst on Calvary bled,
With *all his love*, my daughter, bless thee ;
Soft dews of mercy o'er thee shed,
Sustain thy soul when woes oppress thee ;
May his unfading rays illumine
Life's wilderness of guilt and gloom,
Thy star of hope,—thy rock of faith,—
Thy light in darkness,—life in death.
Though clouds invest that awful throne,
No mortal eye may gaze upon,
One kindly beam breaks forth above,
One ray of everlasting love !
On earth 'tis but a meteor streaming,
In heaven a sun of glory beaming.
The gauds of earth are frail as fair,
Fix then thy warm affections there ;
To him thy *hopes immortal* raise,
And win the *love* that angels praise.

267. THOUGHTS ON A DEPARTED
FRIEND.

- 1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee ;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is that thou art free.
And thus shall Faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain ;
Oh ! who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again ?
- 2 Triumphant in thy closing eye,
The hope of glory shone ;
Joy breath'd in thy expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by Grace Divine,—
Oh ! may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine !

DALE.

268. THE SAINTS WELCOMING THEIR
SAVIOUR IN THEIR JUDGE.

O THOU, on earth beloved, adored,
My friend, my father, and my Lord !

I see thee now without a veil,—
Help ; or my dazzled sight will fail.
O bear me to that burning throne,
I scarce can brook to gaze upon,
And give my kindling soul to prove
The raptures of ecstatic love ;
And learn unutterable lays
And hymn Thee in eternal praise !
Shrink like a scroll, thou frightened sky !
Earth—tremble into vacancy !
List to the pealing trumpet's swell,
Ye hideous depths of death and hell,—
Burst your strong chain, your gates unclose,
And break the long—the last repose.
Blest train of martyr'd saints, arise !
Look upward to your native skies !
Arise ! and claim your rich reward,
And share the triumphs of your Lord.
Behold the promised golden throne,—
The conqu'ring palm,—the unfading crown !
And more than all,—that beaming eye,
Whose glance is love and ecstasy !
But lo ! what sudden splendours beaming,
O'er heaven's illumin'd arch are streaming,
What hues of varied beauty blending,
What fair celestial towers descending !—
O Salem, city of our God !
The saints'—the martyrs' blest abode,—

I see thy gates of pearl unfold,
I see thy streets of burnish'd gold ;
I see thy towers in crystal shine !
Meet temples for a King Divine.
Hail perfect, pure in virgin pride,
The Mighty Lamb's resplendent bride !
Within thy hallow'd courts are found,
No lurking cares to vex or wound ;
No dim eye sheds the hopeless tear,
No bosom throbs with doubt or fear ;
And hush'd is Shame's tumultuous thrill,
And Passion's warring storm is still.
No bright sun beams by day—by night,
No pale moon sheds her feeble light,—
But from that throne of living fire,
Where sits reveal'd th' eternal Sire,
Where seraphs raise their loudest strain,
To hail the Lamb that once was slain,—
Tho' FAITH and HOPE have pass'd away,
Love sheds a pure unchanging ray ;
What faintly shone on earth before,
Now beams and burns for evermore.

DALE.

269. MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

~~~~~  
1 'Twas when the sea's tremendous roar  
A little bark assail'd ;



- And pallid fear, with awful power,  
O'er each on board prevail'd ;
- 2 Save one, the captain's darling son,  
Who fearless view'd the storm,  
And playful, with composure, smil'd  
At danger's threat'ning form.
- 3 " Why sporting thus," a seaman cried,  
" Whilst sorrows overwhelm ? "  
" Why yield to grief ? " the boy replied,  
" *My father's at the helm.* "
- 4 Despairing soul ! from thence be taught,  
How groundless is thy fear ;  
Think on what wonders Christ has  
And he is always near. [wrought,
- 5 Safe in His hands, whom seas obey,  
When swelling billows rise ;  
Who turns the darkest night to day,  
And brightens lowering skies ;
- 6 Though thy corruptions rise abhorr'd,  
And outward foes increase ;  
'Tis but for him to speak the word,  
And all is hush'd to peace.
- 7 Then upward look, howe'er distress'd,  
Jesus will guide thee home,  
To that blest port of endless rest,  
Where storms shall never come.

## 270. ON BEING CALLED A SAINT.

- ~~~~~
- 1 A SAINT! Oh, would that I could claim  
The privileg'd, the honour'd name,  
And confidently take my stand,  
Though lowest in the saintly band!
  - 2 Would, though it were in scorn applied,  
That term the test of truth could bide!  
Like kingly salutations given,  
In mockery to the King of heaven.
  - 3 A saint! and what imports the name,  
Thus banded in derision's game;  
"Holy, and separate from sin;  
"To good, nay even to God akin."
  - 4 Is such the meaning of the name,  
From which a Christian shrinks with  
shame?  
Yes, dazzled by the glorious sight,  
He owns his crown is all too bright.
  - 5 And ill might son of Adam dare,  
Alone such honour's weight to bear;  
But fearlessly he takes the load,  
United to the Son of God.

- 6 A saint ! oh ! scorner, give some sign,  
 Some seal to prove the title mine,  
 And warmer thanks thou shalt command,  
 Than bringing kingdoms in thy hand.
- 7 Oh ! for an interest in that name,  
 When hell shall ope its jaws of flame,  
 And sinners to their doom be hurl'd,  
 While scorned saints "shall judge the  
 world."
- 8 How shall the name of saint be prized,  
 Tho' now neglected and despis'd,  
 When truth shall witness to the Lord,  
 That none but "saints shall judge the  
 world."

MARRIOTT.

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## 271. TRUE CHARITY.

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TRUE charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,  
 Fed by the love from which it rose at first,  
 Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest  
 scene,  
 Storms but enliven its unfading green :  
 Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies,  
 Its fruit on earth, its growth above the  
 skies.

To look at Him, who formed us and re-  
deemed,  
So glorious now, though once so disesteemed,  
To see a God stretch forth his human hand,  
To uphold the boundless scenes of his com-  
mand ;  
To recollect, that, in a form like ours,  
He bruised beneath his feet th' infernal  
powers,  
Captivity led captive, rose to claim  
The wreath he won so dearly in our name ;  
That, throned above all height, he con-  
descends  
To call the few that trust in him his friends ;  
That in the Heaven of heavens, that space  
he deems  
Too scanty for th' exertion of his beams,  
And shines, as if impatient to bestow  
Life and a kingdom upon worms below ;  
That sight imparts a never-dying flame,  
Though feeble in degree, in kind the same,  
Like him the soul, thus kindled from above,  
Spreads wide her arms of universal love ;  
And, still enlarged as she receives the grace,  
Includes creation in her close embrace.

COWPER.

## 272. CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

- 1 THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake ;  
The mountains to their centre shake ;  
And, withering from the vaults of night,  
The stars shall pale their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come ! but not the same  
As once in lowliness He came ;  
A silent Lamb before his foes,  
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,  
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm ;  
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind !  
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray  
As pilgrim on the world's highway,  
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride  
The Nazarene—the crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,  
“ Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall joyful sing, “ The Lord is come !

BISHOP HEBER.

## 273. CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- ~~~~~
- 1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power,  
Thro' varied deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head !
  - 2 In all thy ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling Providence I see :  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
  - 3 Oft hath the sea confess'd thy power,  
And given me back at thy command:  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.
  - 4 Oft from the margin of the grave,  
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head :  
Sudden, I found thee near to save ;  
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.
  - 5 Whither, O whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast !  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
  - 6 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art :  
I ever into ruin run ;  
But thou art greater than my heart.

- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
    Lead me a way I have not known ;  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,  
    The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;  
    Enter, and in me ever stay ;  
The crooked then shall straight become ;  
    The darkness shall be lost in day.

WESLEY

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274.      ADVENT HYMN.

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- 1 THE chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll  
    in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of  
    his ire ;  
Self-moving, it drives on its path-way of  
    cloud,  
And the heavens with the burthen of  
    Godhead are bow'd.
- 2 The glory ! the glory ! around him are  
    pour'd,  
The myriads of angels that wait on the  
    Lord ;  
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs  
    are there,

And all who the palm-wreaths of victory  
wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead  
have all heard:

Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd mo-  
numents stirr'd!

From ocean and earth, from the south  
pole and north,

Lo, the vast generation of ages come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones  
are all set,

Where the Lamb and the white-vested  
elders are met;

All flesh is at once in the sight of the  
Lord,

And the doom of eternity hangs on his  
word.

5 Oh mercy! Oh mercy! look down from  
above,

Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with  
love!

When beneath to their darkness the wick-  
ed are driven,

May our justified souls find a welcome in  
heaven!

REV. H. H. MILMAN.



## 275. FOR THE SABBATH.

- ~~~~~
- 1 SWEET is the work, my God ! my King !  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing !  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
  - 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No earthly cares shall fill my breast ;  
Oh ! may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
  - 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his Works, and bless his Word  
Thy works of Grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy Counsels, how divine !
  - 4 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When Grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of Joy are shed,  
Like holy Oil, to cheer my head.
  - 5 Sin, (my worst enemy before,)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my Peace again.
  - 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In the eternal world of Joy.

WATTS.

## 276. THE SECOND ADVENT.

- ~~~~~
- 1 WHY then in sad and wintry time,  
Her heavens all dark with doubt and crime,  
Why lifts the Church her drooping head,  
As though her evil hour were fled?  
Is she less wise than leaves of spring,  
Or birds that cower with folded wing?  
What sees she in this lowering sky,  
To tempt her meditative eye?
- 2 She has a charm, a word of fire,  
A pledge of love that cannot tire;  
By tempests, earthquakes, and by wars,  
By rushing waves and falling stars,  
By every sign her Lord foretold,  
She sees the world is waxing old;  
And through that last and direst storm,  
Descries by faith her Saviour's form.
- 3 Not surer does each tender gem,  
Set in the fig-tree's polished stem,  
Foreshow the summer season bland,  
Than these dread signs thy mighty hand;  
But oh! frail hearts, and spirits, dark,  
The season's flight unwarn'd we mark,  
But miss the Judge behind the door,  
For all the light of sacred lore.

ANON.

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